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Raleigh

Nov 28th

FARRIER SAMSAIN

GOING TO SCHOOL.

CHRISTMAS EVE

1849

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Dec 15 1854

CHRISTMAS BLOSSOMS,

AND

NEW YEAR'S WREATH,

FOR 1849.

BY UNCLE THOMAS.

PHILADELPHIA:
PUBLISHED BY E. H. BUTLER & CO.
1849.

Entered, according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1848,
By E. H. Butler & Co.
In the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of
Pennsylvania.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE season for renewing old acquaintance, the time for cheering each other with happy recollections of the past, and happier expectations for the future,—has again come round. Among a thousand other friends of his young favourites, Uncle Thomas dusts the snow from his hat, pulls off his overshoes in the hall, and enters the drawing-room with a *bouquet* in his hand, and a bundle of stories under his arm, to say "How do you do," once more in his old-fashioned tone of good humour. We who print all his little books, have desired him to present our cards of remembrance to those for whom we have scattered CHRISTMAS BLOSSOMS in former years, and to give us an early and favourable introduction to a still wider circle of young and bright faces, for whose pleasure we may annually rifle the green-house, of the sweet heart-flowers for many years to come.

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CHRISTMAS BLOSSOMS.

GOING TO SCHOOL;

OR, THE FIRST DAY OF THE SECOND HONEY-MOON.

TING, ding, went the door-bell of the rich Mr. Thompson, on the afternoon of the 26th of December. And who do you think it was that jumped off the elegant half ottoman by the coal grate, where he had been lying almost asleep, while the bright anthracite fire cast flickering shadows on the hearth-rug, in spite of the daylight? Who do you think sprang to the window to look out, frightened, no doubt, to think how nearly he had been caught napping by company? Perhaps you will remember him when I tell you what he did and said. He clapped a pair

of great hairy paws upon the window-sill, pushed his nose against the glass, and seeing an old acquaintance on the steps, tossed himself backward, said "Wough!" like an Indian, and, wheeling round the room, stood with his tail straight out and his snout pointing to the crack of the parlour door. Do you not know him yet? Not know little Emily's dog Dash, that you heard so much about in last year's Christmas Blossoms!

You remember that, in the country, Dash was used to romp with Emily in the grove and garden, chasing the chickens, treeing the squirrels, setting the partridges, and cutting all manner of capers; but he is a city puppy now, and has laid aside his rustic manners. He shakes hands with a grace, and wears his collar with pride. Every day, after breakfast, he marches sedately into the kitchen, that the coachman may fasten upon him his beautifully polished muzzle; and, his toilet being completed, he attends his young mistress to school, raising his mane, walking stiffly, and looking very dignified whenever an uncombed, dirty-faced cur presumes to approach dangerously near her honoured person. But where

is that mistress all this time? Surely Dash is not the only one of the family prepared to receive company at this hour!

Ting, dingle, ding, went the bell once more, as the serving-girl, wrapping her hand in her check apron, turned the silver knob; and in skipped little Emily from the back parlour, throwing wide the folding-doors, and exposing for a moment the more domestic scene in that apartment.

There sat Mr. Thompson in his arm-chair, with an open volume in his hand and two or three more on a card-table beside him, buried in thought; but not so little Emily's mother. For an instant only she might have been seen, full dressed for receiving visiters, although she was actually engaged in sewing some buttons on an old garment of her husband, while several others were lying near by upon a chair, and the work-basket stood beside her on the stand. She had heard the bell, but thought that the servant would give due notice of the entry of any stranger, the folding-doors protecting her from observation while engaged in her household occupations.

Poor Mrs. Thompson! She was so unfashionably fond of her husband's society, that she could illy endure the loneliness of the nursery during the hours which he usually devoted to study, in the intervals between his duties at the counting-house and his evening engagements at public meetings; so, as they were returning from church on the preceding day, which was Christmas, she said to her spouse, "Charles, we have been married now nine years, yet instead of getting tired of you as most wives do, the longer we live together the more anxious I feel to have you near me: yet, what with your business, your library, your societies, your lodge nights, and the winter parties, we have hardly an hour to ourselves. This is the season for good resolutions; suppose we agree to sit together in the back parlour every day, from dinner-time till dark. You can bring down your books, and I my work, and we can try to act our honey-moon over again." And she looked up in his face with an expression half confident, and half inquisitive.

Tapping his cane lightly on the tip of his boot, and bending upon her a comical glance, he replied,

"I fear, Jane, that neither study nor work would be of much avail were we to renew the scenes of those happy days without some changes. Then, 'my only books were women's looks,' and in your domestic operations the lips were busier than the fingers; yet, if you wish it, let us begin with the new system to-morrow."

You, my young readers, will now understand the scene so unexpectedly exposed by little Emily, and the prodigious flutter into which her mother was thrown by the opening of the folding-doors; for you know it is a terrible thing to be caught mending old clothes during the afternoon hours set apart for receiving calls. She sprang to her feet in great alarm. Away went the unfortunate garments with a fling into a dark corner of the room; and the unlucky tail of a coat coming into contact with the edge of the work-basket, away too went the balls of thread and spools of cotton in all directions over the floor. A loop of white yarn became entangled around Mrs. Thompson's pretty little foot; while her husband, looking up and raising his eyebrows

in astonishment, thought she had not displayed so beautiful a colour for many a year, as she hurried into the front room, hastily closing the doors, and unconsciously trailing behind her the ball of yarn, which Dash immediately began to paw, under the full conviction that it was specially intended for his amusement. Mr. Thompson did not see the look of terror with which, just as the side door began to move upon its hinges, his wife beheld this humble badge of good housewifery fairly rolled out into the middle of the room, and tossed half way to the ceiling by the playful puppy, but he had witnessed enough of her ridiculous alarm, and his merry laugh rang dizzily on her ear as, faint and nearly blind with embarrassment, she recognised a heavy masculine step just about to enter, and found it impossible to detach from her person the tell-tale ball of yarn.

"A merry Christmas and a happy New Year to you, Miss Emily," said a voice, which instantly changed the expression of Mrs. Thompson's face from foolish shame to equally foolish sternness; for the pronunciation of the speaker clearly proved that the clumsy maid had introduced into the drawing-

room one who had no claim to tread the downy surface of a Brussels carpet.

In the meanwhile Dash, quitting the ball of yarn, bounded towards the intruder, playfully seizing him by the skirt of his coat and whirling him suddenly round, upon which a splendid row of ivory teeth, set like a picture in the framework of a shining black face, met the broad gaze of Mrs. Thompson. But the shining black became a mottled blue, and a dark curtain dropped over the ivory gems, as the cold eye of the lady chilled the smile of the summer-hearted negro. A sudden mist seemed to surround him, and one of the most graceful of the monkey-like imitators of the *haut-ton* tripped, stumbled, and stammered, as he approached with a profusion of bows to deliver his message.

"Missus Jones, dat has de honour to be de perceptor of Miss Emily, persent de complimen o' de season to Missus Thompson, and hope she allow her de gatterfication to see young missus, Miss Emily, to company all de little missis o' de school, at de ball at her house on New Year Eve. She say, fuddermore, dat Uncle Thomas will be dare,

wid a whole heap of picturs and stories. She desire me to pursent Missus Thompson dis letter, and Uncle Thomas, he order me to give dis little box, wid his love, to Miss Emily."

Bowing continually as he retreated, holding the brim of his old hat on one side, while Dash was tugging at the other, poor John gladly made his escape; Mrs. Thompson, having returned a verbal acceptance on behalf of her daughter, quietly placed her foot upon the thread of tangled yarn, broke it, and rising, sailed majestically into the back parlour, followed by Dash and little Emily.

Once more behind the screen of the folding-doors, the lady hastily rang the parlour bell; and, the servant answering the call, "Take that packet from Emily," said she sternly, "and place it in the closet. Emily," she added in a harsh tone, "these rudenesses might have been excused last year, when you were younger, but you are now old enough to know better than to expose the domestic arrangements of the family by rushing like a hoyden into the drawing-room, on the first sound of the bell. As you seem still inclined to play the child, you may retire to

your playthings in the nursery." Then turning to the servant, she ordered her to gather up the scattered "work," and rated her severely for introducing a negro to her presence. She was so intent upon this momentary indulgence of temper, that she did not perceive the quiet withdrawal of her husband, who had gathered his books and retired to the library.

Meeting Emily in tears upon the stairs, Mr. Thompson took her with him, and was soon apparently buried in his studies.

Even ill-natured people find it difficult to remain long in anger when totally alone. Emily's father knew this well, and it was his principal reason for withdrawing so suddenly. But Mrs. Thompson was not ill-natured. Almost her only fault resulted from her having been somewhat unexpectedly raised from an humble sphere in life, to what is not very wisely called, an elevated position. Good feeling and good conduct give dignity to any station, and when these qualities are absent, the sunshine of wealth and power serves only to render the defect more prominent and more disgustful.

Unfortunately, Mrs. Thompson had not viewed

things in this light. She had a vast idea of her husband's importance, and feeling doubtful of her own right to share his honours, she was constantly endeavouring to maintain a rank which would never have been disputed, if her efforts had not induced others to ask impertinent questions. She seemed to regard her house as the property of the whole fashionable world, and herself as merely a housekeeper. She could not even choose a carpet or arrange a set of curtains without consulting Mrs. Smith or Mrs. Brown; in short, she appeared to have no opinion or will of her own, except with her dependants. You will not be surprised then, that as soon as she became fully conscious of the solitude which surrounded her, she whispered to herself, "Dear me! what will Charles think of my crossness?" There was certainly a strong reproof in his withdrawal without a word. She became restless and uneasy, and her anger presently gave place to melancholy; for the notion that she was bound to maintain her husband's dignity by sternly supporting her authority over her child and her inferiors in ideal rank, could not fully satisfy a mind naturally so amiable,

People who are sometimes too dignified are sure to lack proper self-respect at others; and so it proved with Mrs. T. The longer she remained in solitary thought, the more she regretted the results of the first experiment under "the new system." She dropped the thread from her needle many times, and found unusual difficulty in replacing it. Her fingers seemed to grow thicker and clumsier continually; and at last she threw down her work in despair. A few minutes of silent revery succeeded, and finding the sense of solitude no longer supportable, she rose and gently rang the bell.

"Kathleen, my good girl," she said in a desponding voice, as the servant entered, "tell Emily to come down from the nursery; I feel so very lonely here."

The woman started at this appeal by a proud lady to the sympathies of a domestic,—for the most ignorant people understand the true language of the heart, which speaks more in the tone than in the word,—but her face, still red with anger from her recent scolding, betrayed little change as she replied:

"Miss Emily is in the library with her father, ma'am!"

Now, it was a standing rule with Mr. Thompson, that children should never enter this room, where he pursued his deeper studies among piles of papers, costly volumes, delicate specimens in natural history, and poisonous chemicals. Even his wife never ventured to intrude upon him there, without previously knocking, and inquiring if he was disengaged; and she felt how grave he must have considered her offence when it thus tempted him, for the first time, to relieve her daughter from the effect of her displeasure, by opening the door of that sacred apartment to the child and her inseparable companion, Dash. The consciousness that she had no one but herself to blame for these unhappy consequences of her temper completely overcame her, and she actually burst into tears, in presence of the maid, as she hastily gathered up her work and retreated to her chamber.

Now, I would not have you suppose that Mr. Thompson was in a great passion with his wife for clouding the "honey-moon," on the very first evening of the experiment. He was too much of a philosopher to wish to magnify mole-hills into mountains, after the fashion of little-minded men; yet it is not

to be believed that he so far forgot the scene in the parlour as to be occupied entirely with his studies. Indeed, we have good reason to think that he did not; for, "a little bird in the air," that peeped in at the window, (it must have been a snow-bird, as the weather was very cold,) whispered me that it found Emily playing Harry-Harry-Hazel with Dash, behind a pile of monstrous big books in a corner, while her father was pondering industriously over an open volume,—*but it was up-side-down!* The same fairy messenger assures me that there was a comical smile upon his lip, even then, as if he was planning some merry trick.

The little bird also says that it heard a gentle tap at the library door, and Mr. Thompson called out, "Come in!" Whereupon the chambermaid presented herself, blushing up to the eyes. There was a good deal of talk between them; but as the bird did not understand Irish, it only caught a word here and there, such as: "Can't plase the misthrus;" "sore fashed to lave Miss Emily;" "wake's warnin;" &c. And the more the girl talked, the more Mr. Thompson smiled. Presently he paid her

some money, saying, he hoped she would get along very well in the world, after she had more experience. When she was gone, he pulled down the sash a little way, for the fire was warm, took pen and paper, and began to write a note: so the little bird popped in, and looked over his shoulder. The note ran as follows:

My dear Wilson,

I hope you will be at leisure to lend me your ear for an hour or two to-morrow evening. I have something interesting to communicate in relation to the smelting of the magnetic iron ores.

Can you not persuade your sister to join you, and take tea with us sociably in our little dining-room? Poor Mrs. T. has retired with a slight pain about the heart, and I do not wish to disturb her by asking her to send a written invitation. Miss Wilson's society would relieve her *ennui* during our *tête-à-tête* in the laboratory; I hope she will waive all ceremony, and condescend to——

Just then Dash caught a glimpse of the little bird sitting on Mr. Thompson's shoulder, and, with a

great bound and a snap, frightened it away;—so there was an end of *peeping* for that day.

I must now tell you who this Mr. and Miss Wilson are. The former you know already, if you read the Christmas Blossoms every year; for he is the same good-natured Uncle Thomas, who loves little children and science so much, and did most of the talking printed in that pretty book last year. His sister was very wealthy, very learned, very satirical, and belonged to a fine old family. Now you will find when you are older, that people in the fashionable world, and some other worlds too perhaps, if they can neither destroy nor control one who enjoys a few more advantages than any of her neighbours, are almost sure to worship and follow; so the throne of fashion was offered to Miss Wilson, though she was an old maid of forty. She had no particular desire to rule, but as no one dared to dispute her right, and the station promised her some amusement, she smiled and sat down in it. Yet Miss Wilson was by no means proud, and did not despise the poor and humble. She was often severe upon young fops and silly girls who hold their heads very high, and

indulge in all kinds of impertinence because their fathers own a few more bricks, guineas, or acres, than most of their acquaintance, and the edge of her wit has shaved as many moustaches as a barber; but her carriage is often seen standing by the curb-stone, far out in the suburbs, with her liveried servants in waiting; and occasionally, as her beautiful grays trot merrily up Chestnut Street, you may notice some bright-eyed but ragged urchin looking up into the careworn face of his thinly clad mother, whom necessity, not taste, has drawn into the more central portion of the city, and saying in the silvery tones that poverty and suffering have not yet had time to render harsh, "Ma! there goes *our* good Miss Wilson."

These things sometimes reached the ears of Mrs. Thompson, and then she would sigh for the freedom that can brave appearances, and the luxury of the quiet "God bless her," which misery bestows as a priceless reward upon wealth that knows its highest privilege, and dares to claim it without consulting *Mrs. Smith and Mrs. Brown.* But the idea of being shut up in a room alone, with a real, "live" Miss

Wilson, would have terrified her almost beyond endurance. Can you suppose, then, that her husband would have the cruelty to send such a note without even informing her? No, no, surely he could not! But some day or other we shall find out.

Mr. Thompson looked cheerful and rather sly, as he took his seat at the tea-table that evening, but Mrs. Thompson's eyes gave evidence of a recent shower, and the meal was nearly completed before a word was spoken. At length the lady remarked:

"I fear, Charles, that I have been rather hasty and unnecessarily harsh in reprimanding the chambermaid for her awkwardness this afternoon, but these untrained servants are so very stupid! How shall I make her amends?"

"Such errors are not very serious, Jane," replied her husband kindly; "and they are usually corrected by their own consequences, often more severely than they deserve."

"How so?" said Mrs. T., somewhat startled.

"The girl has demanded her wages, and leaves you in the morning."

Mrs. T. bit her lip severely, but said nothing; for she well remembered having told the clumsy stranger that she broke and destroyed more than the whole value of her services, and she began to consider whether the pleasure of harshly scolding a poor foreigner, unacquainted with civilized manners, would repay to a fine lady the trouble of "getting along" for some time, with no other help than a cook and a coachman.

At length, supper being finished, her husband offered his arm, and led her to the drawing-room, while Emily and Dash came tripping after.

"Do you expect any company this evening?" said Mr. T.

"No," replied his wife, "I shall be very lonely when you are gone."

"But I intend to remain at home this evening."

"Oh, how happy we shall be!" cried Emily; and Dash began to run round after his tail, in canine sympathy, while her mother *looked* her thanks, with one of her sweetest smiles.

"On one condition," he added.

Dash *pointed* the speaker, and was all attention;

Emily commenced biting her forefinger; and Mrs. T. leaned her head heavily on her husband's shoulder:

"On condition that you throw off all this finery, put on your morning dress, bring down your work again, give Emily and Dash the privilege of a regular romp, and so let us complete, without restraint, the first day of the new honey-moon. How say you, Jane, ay or nay?"

"But Charles! suppose any one should call."

"Emily, bring me my hat!—Now choose between your husband and the world! I must enjoy either the fireside or the club,—one, two, thr——" But Jane's hand covered his mouth, and her head fell on his shoulder.

"Now, Jane, I am at home once more," said Mr. T., as his wife, in plain attire, with a basket of old clothes in her arms, and blushing to the eyes, rejoined the circle: "if women only knew how lovely they look when appropriately employed in an undress,"—"Didn't I hear a little bird chirp?" asked Emily, looking round the room in surprise, while her mother blushed deeper than ever,—"we should

hear fewer complaints against the clubs and associations. And now, mamma, let us make our happiness as general as possible;—where is the gift that Emily received to-day?"

Emily clapped her hands, and springing to the closet, returned with a neat little packet.

"Down, Dash! this is not for you," she said, as she tore off the envelope, displaying a beautiful red morocco box, inlaid with white; and Dash contented himself with tossing the fragments of paper as they fell to the floor.

"Oh, what a splendid Christmas box!" cried the excited girl, when the casket was opened. In the top of this box, was a picture of some children going to school, while their mother was shaking a switch at them from the cottage door, and the soldiers were seen parading on the common close at hand. It was so pretty that Uncle Thomas had it printed in the Christmas Blossoms for this year; so, by turning to the frontispiece, you may see it yourself. Over the rest of the things was spread a large gilt-edged card, and on it was written, "A lesson for Emily, from Uncle Thomas." But when the card was raised,

you would have wondered to see what was there;—such nice little bundles of needles, such a love of a pin-cushion, the silver bodkin, the ivory mesh-needles, the bright steel scissors, the reels and spools, I can't tell you the half, nor the half of the half that was there, and then such a dear little diamond-tipped thimble! "I wonder if it will fit?" said the child, as it slipped on to her finger like a glove.

"Uncle Thomas does nothing unfitting," replied Mr. T., with a smile.

"But what could he mean by calling such a beautiful work-box a lesson?" asked Emily, when she had examined it round and round again.

"Bring it here and sit on my knee," said her father; "I am not so good a story-teller as Uncle Thomas; but perhaps I can make you understand how pictures may sometimes teach lessons."

So Emily seated herself in her father's lap; and Dash, seeing that all chance for a romp was over, went to sleep upon the hearth-rug, while Mr. T. told the following story.

THE LITTLE BOYS AND THE SOLDIERS.

"This picture," said Mr. Thompson, "reminds me of two little boys that went to the same school, many years ago. They were intimate friends, and each was the only son of a widow; but their mothers were of very different dispositions. John's mother was by far too stern in her notions of governing children; so that, whenever he played truant or was careless in getting his tasks, she would scold him very harshly, and sometimes whipped him severely. But Henry's mother was too indulgent:—she always made excuses for him, and protected him when he did wrong.

"As you may well suppose, Harry was continually getting into scrapes, and the neighbours would often handle him very roughly for his pranks; and so in the end, he suffered much more than he would have done if he had been properly corrected at home. John, from being obliged to go regularly to school, soon learned to love study; for habit renders all

duties agreeable. He won almost all the prizes in his class; while Harry was constantly idle, and ready to play truant to go fishing and birds-nesting. Everybody agreed that Harry was the smarter boy, though John was by far the better scholar.

"Harry *loved his mother*, because she was so kind; but John *respected his mother*, for he knew she was severe upon him only because she thought it for his good, though he could not always agree with her in opinion.

"One day a company of volunteers, from a neighbouring city, came out to parade at the village where the two boys resided;—they were beginning to be big boys then.

"'Jack,' said Harry, as the school-bell began to ring that morning, 'you'll go with me to see the soldiers to-day, will you not?'

"'Now, how can you ask such a question?' replied his friend; 'you know that to-morrow will be our last examination day, and that if I win the prize, mother has promised that I shall go to the High School in Philadelphia. If I were even to hint at a holiday, she would try to give me a flogging, old

as I am. I may be *a soldier* myself, by-and-by, for my grandfather was wounded at the battle of Trenton, and my father was killed at Lundy's Lane; but I intend first to learn how to be *a man*.'

"'Do as you please then, Jack; but before I would be such a slave to my books and my mother, I would run away and enlist as a drummer-boy. Mother told me not to go, it is true, but she will think I am at school, and be just as happy as if I were there!'

"And away went Harry to the court-house square, while John resolutely shouldered his satchel.

"Next week John was admitted to the High School; and there is no place in this country, where a little boy can obtain a better education to fit him for his duties as a man. I wish I could say that there was any public school in the country half as well calculated to fit little girls for their duties as women. If there were such an one, Emily, you should go to it."

"Charles," interrupted Mrs. T., "I am astonished to hear you say so! Would you have *our* child to mingle with the children of people whom nobody

knows, and learn to despise all the restraints of refined society?"

"Have those restraints contributed so much to your happiness, this first day of the new honeymoon, that you would wish their shadow to overcast the sunshine of another generation, Jane? They say there is luxury in tears, and I rather think you have enjoyed that luxury this afternoon. Is it indeed so pleasant?"

Mrs. T., though only half convinced, was silent and thoughtful, and her husband continued:

"John finished his studies in Philadelphia with remarkable success; and the military services rendered to the country by his father and grandfather, secured his admission to the West Point academy, the best military school in the world. There he soon distinguished himself as the first mathematician of his class, and everybody said that his fortune for life was made.

"In the meanwhile, Harry had been amusing himself half his time, in strutting about with an eagle-feather in his cap, followed by a gang of rude boys, with an old broken drum, which he bought

of the negro barber, playing soldier, while all the neighbours cried 'Shame!' that such a great idle fellow should be living upon his hard-working mother, when he was so well able to support himself. At last the burgess of the borough and the minister of the village interfered, and Harry was sent to work upon a farm; but he never was worth his keeping to anybody that employed him.

"When people refuse to go to school while they are young, they soon find themselves forced into a much severer school when they are grown up; and so it was with Harry?"

"Why, father! do men and women ever go to school?" asked Emily in surprise.

"Certainly, my dear," replied her father; "and if they neglect their lessons, they are sure to be well whipped for their carelessness. But let us continue our story.

"About the time that Harry became of age, the Mexican war broke out, and a regiment of real soldiers was required from the state in which Harry was born. He had an idea that, as he had always been captain among the boys, he should soon be a

captain in the army; for he thought, like a great many other silly people, that nothing is necessary in war but bravery and hard fighting. So he enlisted at once, with eight or ten of his old companions. As he had never been taught what it was to obey anybody or anything, he had not been more than three days at the *rendezvous* before he stole away one evening, without leave, to see a little girl that he was very much attached to. His absence was soon discovered; and just as he was beginning to tell the little girl about the laurels he was going to win in the wars, and how great a man he would be when he came back, and how he would marry her, and make her a great lady, an officer and four men with fixed bayonets rushed into the room.

"'So, ho! my lad; we have caught you at last,' said the officer, drawing his sword; 'it is well for you that you are only a raw recruit. If you undertake to play such capers with the captain, when we reach Governor's Island, your back and the cat-o-nine-tails will soon be better acquainted, and you may thank your stars if it ends there!'

"Harry was very much offended to be so talked

to before the little girl, who cried as if her heart would break; and he kicked and fought pretty hard when they seized him, to drag him away; but the officer tied his hands behind him, and one man held the rope, while two others put their sharp bayonets to his back, making him march off to the rendezvous, whether he would or not. And so he learned one of the first lessons in the school of the soldier.

"A few days after this he was ordered to New York, and was taken, with many others, to Governor's Island, to be mustered in a company. There, the men were paraded within the fort, for their first regular drill, and stood waiting the appearance of the captain, whose name they had not yet heard.

"In a few minutes, an officer in full uniform stepped forth before the rank, and you may judge of Harry's surprise, when he recognised in the manly and noble figure, the same little village 'Jack' who had refused to play truant with him, to run after the soldiers!

"His first impression was one of awe; his next thought was to rush forward and embrace his old

companion; but the officer immediately drew his sword, and shouted 'Attention!'

"Instantly every man stood erect, with his chest thrown forward and his shoulders back; and Harry felt, for the first time, that he was now little more than a piece of a great machine, of which he must follow the motions or be crushed.

"When the drill was over, the officer said, 'Sergeant Johnson, let Private Williams be sent to my quarters!' and then he quietly withdrew, without noticing any one.

"When Harry and the captain were alone in the room of the latter, John said, in a tone of kindness, 'I am sorry, Williams, that you are under my command; for it is difficult for those who have lived together as equals, to observe on all occasions the distinctions of rank so necessary in military life, and I know that you have never practised the lessons of obedience. It will always be my desire to promote your comfort as far as possible, without breach of discipline. May I hope that you will cheerfully bend to the law of necessity, to which your own act

has subjected you? I ask it for your sake, as well as mine!' But Harry remained doggedly silent."

Here Dash awoke and pricked up his ears; but finding they were not talking of him, he gave a long breath, between a growl and a sigh, and went to sleep again, while Mr. T. continued:

"After waiting a few moments for a reply, the captain sorrowfully added, 'Private Williams, you may retire!'

"The company soon sailed for Mexico, and Harry won great credit in several of the terrible battles which marked the victorious advance of General Scott towards the capital of that ancient nation. He fought like a tiger while actually engaged, but was frequently censured for sullen carelessness when on ordinary duty. The thought of being commanded by a former playmate, whom he had always regarded as a coward, because he allowed himself to be whipped by his mother, and refused to disobey the commands of his teacher, continually preyed upon his mind; and he endeavoured to drown this feeling by getting in liquor whenever he could obtain the means. At last, one stormy night, while on duty as a sentinel

at an outpost, he was detected by the guard completely intoxicated and asleep, with his musket leaning against a tree some six feet from the place where he lay.

"For this offence he was arrested and tried, and he who had never been whipped as he deserved when a boy, was condemned to receive a hundred lashes, and to be drummed out of his regiment, now that he was grown up to be a man.

"In the mean time, Jack had been twice promoted for his steady bravery and scientific skill, and on the very day of the final punishment of Harry, he fell at the head of his men, when leading an assault upon a battery. When carried from the field, it was found that his left shoulder was shattered by an escopet ball, and the limb was removed at the shoulder-joint.

"The captain, now colonel by brevet, soon recovered; for he was young, and his constitution had never been injured by folly; so, as the city of Mexico was now in the hands of the Americans, he returned to his native land, where his good conduct was known, and his fame had preceded him. Both he

and Harry arrived at their native village on the same day; and now you will see what bitter lessons are taught to grown-up children in that great school, the world.

"The little girl that Harry loved was sitting with his mother in their cottage parlour, wondering why the newspapers, which were continually sounding the praises of Colonel Jack, said nothing of their Harry; when all of a sudden the cottage-door flew open, and in stalked an angry-looking, bloated young man, in whom even the parent scarcely recognised her child, until the single word 'Mother,' though spoken in the harshest tone, aroused the instincts of her nature, and she rushed forwards to embrace him. The little girl hid her face in her hands, for she was shocked both by his appearance and his language.

"'Mother,' said the young man sternly, as he permitted the embrace without returning it; 'I did not come here to play the fool, but upon a serious business. If you had flogged me, as I deserved, when I was a truant boy; if you had taught me to obey you when I first began to do wrong, instead

of petting me, and giving me my own way in everything, I should not now be standing before you a ruined man, and a disgrace to all that are connected with me! My back has been scored with the cat; my soul is scathed by the lash. Woman! it is all your fault. I will not stay to see the little boys and girls point at me along the road, and cry out, "There goes Harry Williams that was flogged when he should have been shot." I will not stay to see Colonel Jack enter the village, escorted by the volunteers, while white handkerchiefs are waving from the windows, and the band strikes up, "See, the conquering hero comes." I will not stay to hear the cannon roaring a salute to as brave a fellow as ever wore an epaulette, while every one would hiss at me, and spit upon me were I to show my face! Mother, this is *your* work! Hark! there goes the first gun now! Farewell!"

"Poor Harry unwound her arms from about his neck, and darted towards the door. His mother was caught by the little girl, as she fell fainting to the floor. One shriek, that might have been heard a mile, pronounced his name as he passed the thresh-

old. He turned; and such a look! But clapping his hand to his forehead he sprang into the street. He has never been heard of since!"

Little Emily could not refrain from tears, which her father did not attempt to interrupt.

"And what became of the unfortunate woman?" inquired Mrs. Thompson, with a deep-drawn sigh; "such language from a child of mine would break my heart!"

"In the Methodist grave-yard at ——, there is a new-made grave. It has been covered with sods, but they were cut too late in the season. The frost has killed the roots of the grass. At its head is a stone bearing this simple inscription, 'Emily Williams, aet. 59.' Let us hope that charity will one day cover it with fresher verdure, and that the evergreen mantle of divine mercy may be spread over the failings of the unfortunate widow."

"And the poor little girl that loved him so! what became of her?" inquired Emily, dashing away her tears with the tips of her fingers.

"I was walking last spring through the ornamented grounds of a hospital for the insane. Among the

patients wandering for amusement through the groves and gardens, I saw a beautiful girl of about seventeen summers. She was sitting apart, at the foot of a tall chestnut tree, platting straw for a cottage bonnet. As we drew near (for the benevolent physician of the house was with me), she suddenly dropped her work, and running up to me, placed her hands upon my shoulder. Peering into my face for a moment, with her bright flashing eyes, she exclaimed, 'You are not my Harry, are you? Ah no! He was young and merry, but you are old and grave. Heigh ho! No matter, he will be here to-morrow, for the angel told me so in my dream!' And then she quietly returned to her work.

"'So early!' said I in surprise, 'and yet a victim to the affections.'—'Yes,' said the good doctor; 'but she will recover. We find that when the *very young* are blighted by the frost, like the springing corn, unless they die at once and make no sign, they soon shoot forth fresh leaves and grow, somewhat shrivelled and stunted, perhaps, but adding their share to the harvest nevertheless. This child had cast her affections upon a worthless fellow, who dis-

graced himself in the Mexican war, and the shock has sent her here. She is bitterly punished for having mistaken the careless good-nature of boyhood for genuine heartfulness, and a reputation for smartness for those solid abilities which fit a man for the noblest of all trusts—the happiness of a woman.' "

"But tell me," said Emily; "was John's mother punished for being too cross? I do not think it is right that one should be punished for being too kind, and that the other should suffer *nothing* for whipping poor little Colonel Jack so hard."

Mr. Thompson replied, "Good and evil are often less partially distributed, even in this world, than people sometimes think, my child. John's mother, though her follies leaned to virtue's side, did not escape her proper share of suffering. Never yet," he added, looking seriously at his wife, "there never yet was a parent, who spoke or acted with unjust *harshness* to a child, without weakening those delicate bonds of affection, which, to a mother's heart, are the richest of all earthly treasures. I have said that John *respected* his mother; but as she sat alone in her parlour on the day of his expected arrival,

weeping over his mutilated limb, yet glorying in the honour which surrounded his name, her heart yearned towards her boy, as if he were still the little infant who once looked up to her for nourishment and help.

"Meanwhile the cannon roared his welcome home, and 'nearer, nearer, nearer still' the martial music came swelling upon her ear. The measured tramp of steeds and armed men, with the confused hum of a multitude was heard. She stood transfixed and silent in the centre of the room; she did not dare to look abroad upon the show. The music paused; the hum was suddenly stilled.

"'One moment,' whispered she, 'and his arms will be about my neck! His arms!——'

"'Hurra! hurra! hurra!' and the shouts of the assembled multitude almost drowned the loud roll of the drums, and the clangour of many trumpets. Colonel Jack had ascended the steps.

"'Tell us of your victories;' 'Tell us of your battles;' cried many voices in the crowd.

"'One moment, fellow-citizens,' exclaimed the Colonel; 'first let me pay *my respects* to my mother,

the widow of Major ——, and the daughter of General ——; then I am all your own.'

"The door swung upon its hinges; a tall figure entered the apartment with a stately tread. The hat with its nodding plumes was carefully placed on the little table. Still the widow stirred not, though she trembled. Approaching with a flushed cheek, but a step like an emperor, the Colonel bowed profoundly, as he extended his hand. She could have embraced the statue of a monarch as readily as she could have thrown an arm around the majestic figure of her son.

"'Mother,' said he, 'I have sustained the honour of our house! Whatever fame I may have won in these unhappy wars is yours. You taught me to obey in early life, and that knowledge has fitted me to command. If, then, I have made your name honoured among women, this is sufficient to reward me for some hard sacrifices,'—he glanced at his mutilated shoulder,—'and I have come to lay my laurels at your feet. Now,' said he, as he planted a grave kiss upon her pale brow, 'my fellow-citizens

claim me for an hour, and our private happiness must give way to the public wish.'

"The loud huzzas that caused the very walls to tremble, as the Colonel stepped forth to address the crowd, fell jarringly upon the chilled heart of the widow. She buried her face in her hands and wept. Her pride was satisfied, and pride had been the ruling passion of her life; but affection! Alas! she sighed for that which she had not planted, but it came not at her call; as she had sown, even so she reaped. Was she not justly punished?"

"But father," said Emily, "this is a lesson for little boys, and Uncle Thomas sent *his* lesson for a little girl! Balls, and spools, and scissors, and thimbles cannot teach lessons like pictures, can they?"

"Why, my poor child," returned her father, "we must talk about that some other day. It is time for you now to retire; so put away the box for the present, kiss your mamma, and call Kathleen to see you to bed."

"Yes, pa! but there is one question I want to ask before I go. If the world is a school, who is the master? who teaches you, father?"

"Your mother teaches me, my child. It was she who instructed me to tell the story of the little boys and the soldiers; just as she was following you into the front parlour this afternoon."

"And who teaches mamma?"

"The kindest teacher in the world!" cried her mother, as she flung her arms around her husband's neck, and kissed him again and again.

Little Emily looked puzzled; but as Dash, aroused by the commotion, leaped up to share in Mrs. Thompson's felicity, she seized the opportunity, while both were laughing at the puppy's impudence, to snatch one kiss from each; and she and her playfellow bid good night together. The last words Emily heard as she left the room were from her father:—

"There is one other great teacher, my dear, who teaches us all alike. See that you do not forget Him before you close your eyes in sleep!" Then turning to her mother he added, with a gentle smile: "Here endeth the first lesson."

WITHERINGTON. J. SARTAIN

LIFE IN THE WILD WOODS.

A RUDE STORY.

BY COUSIN PETER.

As I was sauntering along Chestnut Street the other day, with my cousin Maria hanging upon my arm, and her brother Charley tripping before, and crying, "Do look at this," or, "Do look at that," at every shop window, a woman, with a little barefooted boy, courtesied, and said in a whining tone, "Good gentleman, will you give a poor woman a penny for charity?" I passed on unheeding, but Charley looked very indignantly at me, and running back after the woman, he gave her a sixpence. The fine fellow! It was the last of the spending-money his father had given him for the vacation.

"Charles, you should not have done so," said his sister; "father says if these beggars would go west

and work, instead of hanging about the cities in idleness, they could all live in abundance; he says it is wrong to encourage them."

I remarked that I declined giving anything to the beggar only because I feared, from her appearance, the woman was intemperate; that Charley had done a noble deed, and if he felt willing to trust to the woman's honesty, he ought not to be chid, even though greater age and experience might one day make him more cautious. I told Maria, that we are bound to take care that selfishness has nothing to do with the charge of laziness so commonly and safely made against the unfortunate. "Besides," said I, "it is not always so easy as people think, for those who have *nothing* to make a living at the West; for there, as here, many traps are laid for the poor and ignorant, by the rich and shrewd. It is often said that those who are worth nothing, have nothing to lose; but the truth is, they have more to lose than the rich; for, when the man of wealth has lost one half his thousands, he can live upon the other half; but when the working man loses half his time or

labour, he must starve; because there is not enough left for him to live upon."

I promised to read them a story, written a long time ago, to show that there was no place in the world where ignorant or thoughtless poor people were more likely to lose the profits of their labour, than in some parts of the West; and when we got home, I called them into the library, and read it to them. And as Charley and Maria both said it was very interesting, I sent it to Uncle Thomas, to be printed in the Christmas Blossoms, for the benefit of other little boys and girls; so here it is!

THE WIDOW'S YOUNGEST.

"Poor little orphan," said Mary Jewett, as, on hearing her infant cry, she left the harvesters who were gathering hops in the field, and ran to the basket which she had brought to serve for a cradle. She had placed it under the shadow of some vines while she went to work; for she was a lone widow now, and could not afford to be idle.

Tom Jewett, her other son, was then about ten years old; three little ones, two girls and a boy, that came between the infant and himself, having been taken from her at an earlier age.

Tom also heard Harry crying; so he broke off working too, and came tripping after, to learn what was the matter. To tell the truth, he could well be spared from among the hop-gatherers, for he was so mischievous that he did more towards hindering than helping.

"Poor little orphan," said Mary again, as she raised the child from the basket; "there was no one to welcome thee when thou wert born,—no one but thy mother,—and what I can do for thee I know not; for pay-day is coming on, oh! so very, very fast! and if I should want for a single dollar, we shall be houseless and homeless. Then what will become of thee?" And she burst into a flood of tears.

"Now, mother, don't cry!" said Tom; "and I will work for you both, and make you rich again. Never fear; this is a great country, and a free country, and there is room enough and ground enough for everybody that wants it."

"Ah, Tommy! yes, it is great enough to be lost in, and free enough for *men*, who can fight their own way in the world; but for *women* and *children* without a protector—heigh-ho!" and her tears fell faster than ever. Tom threw one arm around his mother's neck, and kissed her again and again in silence.

At last, the widow looked up, and casting a sorrowful glance at her youngest, she added: "You have had some education, Thomas, before your father's death; you can read and write, and any farmer in the neighbourhood will be glad to give you enough to eat and to drink for the value of your services, until you are of age and can do for yourself. Yes, this is a free country for a man that can shoulder his own axe, and is not too proud to use it, provided he has learning enough to know how to keep what he has earned; but the proud and the ignorant are slaves everywhere. If your father had been contented to go into the wilderness, and buy ground for what cash he had, depending upon his own arm for a hut to cover us, and to my wheel and loom for clothing, instead of purchasing this large, half-cleared farm on credit from a soulless

company, we should not now be trembling for our only shelter, with the bitter winter close at hand. See how the aspen leaves are turning pale! The maples on the mountain top look as if their branches were tipped with tulip flowers; and hark! how harshly the wind rushes among the hard leaves, and how mournfully the sunshine casts half shadows of everything around, as if it were shining through a veil of gauzy mist! What will become of thee, my baby?" and she pressed it more strongly to her bosom.

Tom remained silent and sad for some time, and then asked: "Must we indeed give up our house and go away, mother? If you pay a part now, and the rest after next harvest, surely Mr. —— will wait. I heard Dr. Stevens say, this very morning, when he drove over with his daughter to help us pick, that we could easily pay for the farm in a very few years, with the wheat and half the potatoes alone, if things are carefully managed—leaving you plenty of corn, and the other half of the potatoes, with the pigs, and the poultry, and the cattle to live upon."

"Yes, but it will not do," replied the mother;

"even if your father had lived, we should have been turned out of house and home at the end of this year. *Men* sometimes have souls, though your grandfather had none; but *companies* and *agents* have no feeling. We have yet a hundred dollars to pay yearly for two more seasons, before the ground will be our own: one hundred must be paid in November, but the most that I can raise towards it, from all we have to sell, is sixty dollars, without keeping anything to pay for sugar, or coffee, or flour."

"And do you think that Mr. —— could have the cruelty to turn us out to starve for forty dollars!"

"Alas, child; how little you know of the ways in which *honourable* men grow rich on the follies of the poor. Yes, there is land enough for all, in this wide wilderness; there is, unfortunately, *more than enough*; and the very abundance enables wicked men to thrive by starving the foolish with too much!"

"Why, ma, that cannot be! Can plenty starve us?"

"It is but too easy to explain my meaning, Tommy; and perhaps the lesson may some day prevent you from seeing the hard-earned savings of

years swept away, by those who will tempt you into undertakings beyond your strength, in order to grow rich by the rapid progress of this wonderful country. They will tempt you, in the hope that you may fail, and they may reap the profit of your labours. Poor Charles! I warned him of this in time, but he would not listen to a woman on matters of business."

The widow again shed tears, but she wiped them away with her apron, and continued:

"Twenty years ago, the bear and the cougar seemed to be the true owners of the soil of this valley; but the parchment deeds gave it to a company of merchants over the water. Everybody knew, even then, that in time the ground would become extremely valuable; for we have coal in the upland, iron ore on the mountain, lime in a neighbouring county, a stream leading to a great market, and the richest bottom land within a hundred miles. There will soon be miners and manufacturers enough on these wild hills to pay silver and gold for all the produce that we can raise. There must be a town some day,—a county town,—on this very spot, and then the ground now valued at four dollars an

acre, will bring readily at least fifty dollars a rood. The company knew all this; and, as I told Charles, they never intended to loose their hold upon this place, situated as it is, at the very head of the proposed canal.

"Fifty acres of ground is as much as any man can manage to advantage in these woods, if he has nothing but his title-deeds and his axe to depend upon; for with more, the taxes, the groceries, medicines, harness, shoes, and a little clothing, that he cannot obtain without cash, or produce at prices ruinously low, eat up all his living, and starve him into relinquishing his improvements by the end of the second year. Then in comes the original owner, and takes the farm with the improvements, after having discharged his own expenses from the hard-wrung purchase-money already paid.

"Such was the fate of poor Mr. —— and his delicate wife, who were the first purchasers of this farm. They took up two hundred and fifty acres, the smallest quantity which the company would sell, at one dollar per acre, payable in two years, but on condition of clearing at least four acres every season,

and building a cabin, to entice other settlers. They raised themselves a bark hut, instead of a log cabin, at first, to save time, and went immediately to work at clearing and girdling; for it was late in the season, and everything depended upon their having a sufficient crop of potatoes. Well; the next autumn found them rheumatic, from the dampness and coldness of their hut, with four acres pretty nearly cleared of stumps, and twelve more well girdled and partly in crop. With the assistance of the kindest of neighbours, they had built a most comfortable log cabin, and covered in the old stable, which is now in ruins, by roofing over the chink in the big rock behind the house. Everything seemed to move on prosperously except in point of health; but when pay-day came, Mr. ——, who had been too busy to keep close accounts, found that he owed twenty-three dollars at the store and for taxes, while sickness and other expenses had reduced his whole stock of cash to thirty-four dollars. Pay-day passed; a part of the purchase-money remained unpaid; the company reclaimed the land, and after fourteen months of hard labour, Mr. —— limped off to Indiana, lame

with the rheumatism, followed by his wife, who was a lady in New York before her husband failed, hobbling along in thick-soled pegged boots, like an Indian squaw, with an infant at her back, the only *wealth* acquired by more than a year of misery."

"But, mother," said Tommy, "Mr. —— was very foolish. He ought to have gone somewhere else, and bought what land he could with his cash, so that it would have been his own from the first. There are acorns enough in the woods to feed hogs without farming, and deer and pheasants, turkeys, wild pigeons and trout to be had without asking, till one can get something better. He ought to have left his wife in New York, till he had built his cabin and made things comfortable."

"And how," replied the mother, "could he have supported her there, while he was fighting with the wind, and the rain, and the hail, and the snow, to keep himself alive in the West?"

"Could she not have lived by the needle?"

"Starved by the needle, you should say! Besides; could she, a lady by birth and education, have endured the cold looks of her former friends, who,

sauntering in Broadway or the Bowery, cannot see even a sister in a muslin gown? Could she have endured the impertinent stare, or the rude insult of every vulgar or polished puppy about town, as she passed to or from her work in the evening? In cities, the overgrown boys with whiskers, think it manly to trample on the weak!"

"But it would have been only for a year or two, mother!"

"Perhaps you are right, Tommy," said Mrs. J.; "for why, in this free country, should those who have always been poor and helpless be less pitied than those who have enjoyed the good things of the earth for a part of their lives at least? Yet women will have pride, as well as men. But let me finish telling you about the farm.

"When Mr. —— was gone, the agent sold the ground, with all the improvements, for four dollars an acre, to a new settler, to be paid in three, four, five, and six years. This man had money enough to buy the ground, but preferred to spend it in hiring help to assist in clearing, and in stocking the farm with cattle. He also built the new stable, and ran

in debt for the half of the cost. This the neighbours thought imprudent, but he was a very shrewd man and a bachelor; so he could afford to run risks.

"Now it happened, the next winter, that the legislature made an appropriation for digging the canal, which had been surveyed the year before; that is, they set aside a great deal of money for this purpose; and a part of it was to be spent in the neighbourhood; so there were soon hundreds of workmen, and contractors, and engineers, swarming about the long dry ditch that you see between this and the saw-mill. All these people were paid in cash; and as they raised nothing, they paid cash for everything they bought. Butter got up to ten cents a pound, wheat sold at seventy-five cents a bushel, and I have heard the miller's wife say that she actually had 'a quarter a pair' for her chickens, and three shillings for a fat turkey! Such prices were never before heard of in these parts.

"The new tenant found he could get money instead of store-goods for all his produce; and at the end of the year he had a hundred dollars in his purse, after paying for the barn, and laying in pro-

visions for the winter. Concluding that such times would always continue in a country so rapidly 'filling up,' he built himself the large frame house which we now occupy; and began to carpet his floors, and live like what the neighbours called him—'the Squire.' He bought more stock, and borrowed of the agent two hundred dollars, to help pay for the building and the cattle. The following harvest being a full one, he contrived to pay all he owed at the time from the produce of his cleared ground, and began to pass for a rich man among the settlers, though not a cent of money was yet due on the purchase. His credit being good, he bought his winter provisions on trust; for surely, he thought, one hundred dollars would be but a trifle in comparison with the profits of the coming crop.

"Take care, Tommy dear, how you ever run in debt; this was the last of the Squire's prosperity. In the following winter, the legislature made no new appropriation to the canal; the engineers, the contractors, and the workmen disappeared,—at least, all of them that had money or knowledge enough 'to get away with,'—and the rest continued to live like pigs

in their shanties, and when they could find no work, supported themselves by stealing. Next summer, the crops were poor all through the county, and the little that was raised could scarcely be sold at all. Butter fell to sixpence, and wheat came down to forty-five cents—less than the cost of raising it with hired help. But the Squire said it was only a temporary lull; the legislature would 'go on with the canal, and times would be bright again;' so he lived as expensively as ever, and ran up a heavy bill at the store. At last, when pay-day was drawing near, he found himself fifty dollars behindhand, and to add to his trouble, the rattlesnakes killed two of his best oxen; so he tried to borrow of the agent once more; but the agent smiled as he refused; for he knew that money was very scarce in the old settlements. He thought there was no hope of more appropriations for the canal, and supposing that the Squire could not find a purchaser for his stock and title, concluded that the time was now come for getting back the ground, with its fine new house, and barn, and its twenty acres of well-cleared land. So he gave notice of the Squire's difficulties to the

storekeeper, who was related to him, and the storekeeper hastened to get a judgment against the Squire, seizing on his goods and cattle, to secure himself.

"The ground, with the improvements, was now worth six dollars an acre:—it had been made so by the labour and money of two successive tenants;—and yet the Squire found that, with all his shrewdness, he had been working for the advantage of the company, not for his own. Rather than allow them this advantage, he resolved to sell his contract to any one who would discharge the store debt, redeem the stock and furniture, take his bargain off his hands, and give him fifty dollars to enable him to reach the State of Indiana, and earn a few acres with his axe."

"But how could you find out all this?" asked Tommy; "we were not living in this part of the country then."

"The miller's wife, who is a great talker, told me what had passed before we came," replied the mother: "the autumn before last, just a month before the Squire's first pay-day arrived, your father and I crossed the mountains that loom up so blue in the

distance, as you look eastward from your chamber window; and our old wagon, loaded with half-broken furniture, came dragging down into the valley, with every wheel locked, and a young tree, just felled and half trimmed of its branches, fastened to the hinder axle, to keep the load from running on the horses. You were at school in Litiz then, or you would have seen the Squire, the day before he walked off with the fifty dollars in his pocket, leaving the agent very angry with poor Charles for buying the title, and keeping the property from the company on the old terms. It was a great bargain it is true, and if we could meet our engagements, would make us all rich some day; but it was more than your father could prudently afford; for, when the first hundred dollars was paid to the agent, we had hardly any money left.

"Well; to work we went; and, as good fortune would have it, the presidential election was coming on; so the company, the storekeepers and the politicians who wanted votes, all working together, persuaded the legislature to make another appropriation

to the canal; and last summer everything went up again in price.

"In consequence of what the miller's wife had told me, I had done everything in my power to keep Charles from running further in debt, and in the autumn, he easily paid what he owed at the store, with another hundred dollars to the agent; but we were obliged to bring you home from school, and that was a sore trial.

"All might have gone well with us had your father lived; but it pleased Providence to take him. Perhaps I deserved the blow, for my disobedience to my own parent; but we cannot rule the affections, if we have hearts, and it seems very hard."——Here the widow again wiped her eyes with her apron.

"To make matters worse," she continued, "Charles had notions of farming, brought with him from the old country, but sadly unsuited to this. Look at our great field of hops, for instance; it would be valuable in England, but were it not for the kind help of our neighbours, who all laughed when it was planted, we could not even gather it. It will hardly bring the cost of sending it to Pittsburgh or Wheeling,

the nearest markets! Had the field been planted in corn, we could have paid the agent the money for this year; but now, there is no hope! Alas, for my poor babe! That ever my father's daughter should come to this!"

"Come, come, mother, don't cry so; I am strong and can work: I know how to take care of a horse, go to the store and the mill, write messages, and keep accounts. I heard Dr. Stevens say he lost a great deal of money every year, because he had no time to charge his calls: now, I am sure he will give me my keep and a dollar a week, for entering his visits and tending the horse, till I am old enough to study medicine myself. Then the miller's wife says, if she could find any one who knew how to make butter and cheese, she would pay them good wages. You have learned so much at school, that you know how to do anything; then, mother dear, don't be proud, and starve little Harry, but go to the miller's wife, and I will give you all my wages. 'Never give up,' is what every little American boy says; and I am an American! When Harry is old enough, I will teach him to read and write; and then,

you know, there will be nothing to keep him from being a great lawyer, after a while. You'll be a lawyer when you grow big; will you not, Harry?" The baby crowed, as its brother tickled its cheek, and said, "Ay, ay!"

"God bless you for your mother's comforter," exclaimed Mrs. J.; "let us struggle on, and perhaps He will aid us. Attend to your little brother here, while I go to help the gatherers;" and she laid the child in the cradle.

The day after the hop-gathering was finished, Tommy, saying nothing of his intention, marched proudly into the medicine-room of Dr. Stevens.

"Doctor," said he, "mother is too poor to pay the agent this year; we shall lose the farm, and I must look out for myself, and help to support her and the baby; don't you want a boy?"

The Doctor opened his eyes widely, and replied,

"What do you want to do, Tommy?"

"Anything," said Tommy.

"And what *can* you do?"

"Everything! I can tend the horse, take messages, keep accounts, work in the garden, and mix doctor

stuff, if you'll show me how; I am going to study medicine myself when I am old enough."

"How old *are* you?"

"Ten years last May-day."

"And what is your demand for this small lot of trifling services?"

"My keep, and a dollar a week."

"Well, if you are as quick at working as you are at answering, you'll be a great man some day, you determined young dog! There is no use in opposing such fellows, when they have once made up their minds; you may bring your clothes to-morrow! I believe there never was yet an American lad that did not think he could carry creation on his shoulders, if Atlas would only change places with him!"

"A very fine woman is Tommy's mother," said Miss Stevens to her father, one afternoon.

"The mother of such a child could hardly be otherwise," replied the Doctor.

"She seems to be a woman of some education, and much misplaced in this rude settlement."

"She is so—like ourselves—*to-day;* but we shall all

be in place here *to-morrow*; at least, our children will be. In these young settlements, the children of the pioneers are born as rough as aboriginal bears' cubs, and about as strong; but the barber, civilization, soon comes along, and trims them into shape. We shall have a church and a school-house within ten miles before next July!"

"Do you know anything of the history of Mrs. Jewett?" asked the daughter.

"It is a very common one," returned the Doctor; "the miller's wife tells me that her father was a rich cockney haberdasher, who retired and bought a country seat in some inland county of old England, where he aped the manners of the neighbouring gentry. The daughter fell in love with a fine young fellow, a younger son of a small farmer of no family, and was turned out of doors for marrying a man who had the meanness to use his hands for the purpose for which Providence made them. The father might have relented, but her elder brother declared she had disgraced her relations; and the best of the blood of that branch of the Browns was obliged to fly to America, where her husband managed to scrape

together, in twelve years, money enough to buy out the Squire's debts, with the privilege of paying the company for the farm, *if he could!*"

"And I hear that the widow will lose the farm this fall, from inability to pay the yearly instalment," observed the daughter, thoughtfully.

"Perhaps so;" said the Doctor; "and then the company will re-sell the ground and improvements for eight dollars an acre; though in ten years, it will be worth thirty dollars:—we shall see!"

Dr. Stevens was an eccentric, though a highly educated scholar. He had contracted the blunt manners of the woodsmen among whom he practised, and deemed delicacy of speech out of place amid the difficulties of a new settlement; but he was truly kind-hearted; as we shall presently discover.

After the hop-gathering, Dr. Stevens often called on Mrs. Jewett, in passing to and fro on his Canada pony, with his saddle-bags of medicine and surgical instruments; for, half his patients lived upon trails and bridle-paths. A lunch of pie and milk or some message about Tommy's clothing, was usually the plea; but either the Doctor's appetite grew better or

Tommy's wardrobe worse, as time rolled on; for when November arrived, and the widow became more melancholy, from thinking of pay-day, the Doctor could scarcely pass the door without stopping in. Yet at each call, he spoke less and less, and seemed more and more uneasy.

At last came the evening of the day before the yearly instalment was due. Regular notice had been received, that if the money remained unpaid, the farm would be reclaimed.

The sun was just going down in brightness, but coldness;—the brightness, in union with the widow's memory, and the coldness, in concord with her prospects. Dr. Stevens had been with her for an hour. Both were silent, and the Doctor very restless. Suddenly he desperately grasped both his knees with a force that almost drove the blood from his finger ends, and the following conversation took place.

Doctor.—"Madam!"

Widow.—"Sir?"

Doctor.—"This is a beautiful place of yours; it will be worth a great deal of money in a few years."

Widow.—"And to lose it all, as I must, to-morrow!

I care not for myself, but for little Tommy and Harry."

Doctor.—"Tommy is safe enough; I'll see to him!"

Widow.—"That is a blessing indeed, Doctor; but what will become of my poor babe?"

Doctor.—(Gritting his teeth, and looking very fiercely from under his dark brows.) "It is of no use to resist fate, and I may as well bend to it at first, so here goes!" (*Aside.*) "Confound it, Mrs. Jewett! Why won't you let me be father to the baby too?"

The widow gazed on him for a moment in open wonder; then, turning very pale, she rose, presented her right hand, led him to the window opening on the garden, and pointed to a little green mound, at the foot of a weeping willow, on which the heavy dew already shone like a thousand gems. It was a new-made grave! Not a word was said; but the Doctor slowly raised to his lips the hand he continued to hold, turned, put his handkerchief to his eyes, and walked gently to the door, leaving the widow still standing with her arm half extended, and her eyes

fixed unconsciously on the fading twilight. The neighbours say that the Canada pony made the three miles of beech-wood track between the Doctor's and the widow's houses that evening, in less than twelve minutes, leaving the Doctor behind, half way, to limp home with a shin sadly barked against one of the logs of the *cord-du-roi* turnpike.

Next morning, after breakfast, little Tommy said to the Doctor: "Mother sells out this afternoon; can you spare me to help her?"

"Yes," replied the Doctor, "as soon as you have done an errand for me. Ride over to the land office, present this note to the agent, and return as quickly as possible with an answer!"

Tommy did as he was bid; remarking, on his return with a sealed reply, that the agent appeared both surprised and cross while reading the note.

Dr. Stevens smiled as he broke the seal, and taking from the envelope a little slip of paper with writing upon it, he enclosed it carefully in a ready-written letter which lay before him, and directed it to Mrs. Jewett.

"Take that to your mother, Tommy," said he.

"I was very angry with her last night, but there is nothing gained by harbouring ill-will against a woman;" and Tom thought, from the expression of his face at the moment, that his mother must have offered him a plate of unripe persimmons.

When Mrs. J. opened and read the letter, she let it fall, with its contents, upon the floor; and clasping her hands, while her eyes swam with tears, she exclaimed, "God be thanked!"

Now we should never have known what the widow meant, if Tommy had not picked up the letter, and read it aloud, so that "the little bird in the air" heard it, and whistled it again and again from the branches of the beech woods and the sugar maple groves, till the miller's wife got hold of it at last. But here it is:

TO MRS. JEWETT.

Dear Madam:

Since you *will not* have me for a husband, I am determined you *shall* have me for a brother; so you may as well put up with the inconvenience as quietly as you can.

Within, you will find a receipt for this year's instalment. It cost me nothing, for I balanced it by another receipt for two years' medical advice to the family of the agent. When your property comes to be worth five thousand dollars, please pay the amount to little Harry, as a present from his uncle, and oblige

Yours at command,

WILLIAM STEVENS.

Here the manuscript terminated.

"And is that the end of the story?" asked Charley, with an unsatisfied look.

I told him it was all that was written at the time; but that, one afternoon, some twenty years after, in 1845, when I was toiling up a steep road among the mountains of Switzerland, with my rifle and knapsack and dressed like a mountaineer, I saw a heavy coach and pair rumbling along before me, and just as I had nearly overtaken it, the clumsy machine overset into a deep gully worn by the rain at the roadside.

As the coachman leaped from his box and seized the horses, I sprang to the door, opened it, and assisted the escape of a very lovely young girl of about sixteen. She was in deep mourning; and immediately after her came a tall and handsome man of thirty years or more, who, I thought, might be her father, though he looked almost too youthful.

"It is very unlucky, Julia," said he, "that we cannot speak German, to thank this good fellow for his kindness:"—for I had inquired in that language whether they were hurt. "But how is this!" he added, with a start, as his eye fell on the silver box of my rifle-stock.

I smiled, and handed him the piece without speaking.

"Twenty-eight to the pound," said he, thoughtfully, examining the bore and the thread; "good for tall game; one turn and a half, too long to lean upon, and heavy enough to be steady. Why how came you by this piece, my friend? It was never made in Europe!"

"I raythor kalkilate I was raised where the *bar* growls, and the moose bounds," said I, laughing;

for I knew he was a Yankee, by the way he handled the gun.

"Good heavens; Julia dear! he is my countryman!" exclaimed the gentleman; and then, such a shaking of hands!

Well, we fished the broken tongue of the carriage with a rope from one of the trunks, and a couple of pine branches, trimmed by my bowie-knife; and, as they insisted on my riding with them, we managed to get along safely, as far as a goat-herd's hut about a mile ahead, where we had to put up for the night, while the coachman rode back about three leagues, for a new tongue.

We were too busy in talking of the accident and our adventures in Switzerland, to think of inquiring each other's names till long after our supper of goats' milk, cheese and oat cake, when Julia, who was very tired, went to bed, in true log-cabin style, behind a coverlet, hung up across the only apartment. At last, I asked, in the genuine Yankee dialect, which I had preserved from the first.

"Stranger, might I venture to inquire your name, and where you came from?"

"Certainly," he replied; "my name is Jewett, and my place of residence the county town of ——, in the State of ——."

"Indeed!" said I, in an altered manner; for I now felt deeply interested: "it was once my good fortune, when wandering as a mineralogist along the then unfinished canal in your neighbourhood, to enjoy true backwoods hospitality, at the house of a widow lady of your name. I passed a week with my old friend Dr. Stevens, and frequently walked over the causeway with a fine lad in the Doctor's employ, to see his little brother Harry, who was just learning to walk, to look after Tommy's rabbit snares, and listen to the long stories of the miller's wife."

"Wizard! who are you?" cried the gentleman, starting from the bench on which he sat, so suddenly as to overturn it, and placing his hands on my shoulders, as he peered earnestly into my face.

"Cousin Peter in Switzerland," I replied, "and delighted to meet once more with Tommy Jewett!"

"And was he a doctor? and was Harry a lawyer? and did his mother get the farm at last?" asked Charley, with dancing eyes.

I placed the little fellow on my lap, and told him what Tommy said as we sat up all that night, talking of old times and the strange ups and downs of this queer world. I told him that the court-house now stands where the Squire's house once stood; that the county town covers the old farm; that it contains four churches, three school-houses, and an academy; that Dr. Stevens sleeps quietly in one of the burial-grounds; that Mrs. Jewett lived to realize forty thousand dollars from the sale of her lots and water-rents; that Tommy is a doctor, and a member of Congress; that Harry is a lawyer, as he said he would be before he could talk; that they own two iron furnaces, and could borrow, any day, a hundred thousand dollars apiece, to pay this year's instalment on the largest farm in the country, even from the agent himself, if they wanted it.

"And who was Julia?" asked Charley.

"Doctor Jewett," I replied, "when in England, resolved to visit the neighbourhood where his mother was born, but without any intention of renewing acquaintance with those who had treated her so cruelly. At a little country inn where he stopped

to dine, he learned that his grandfather had been dead many years; that his uncle, after ruining himself by gambling, had committed suicide about a week before, leaving an only daughter to support herself by the needle or at service; and that the home, where she had been tenderly brought up by a broken-hearted mother, now no more, was to be sold by the sheriff on the succeeding day. Of course, he sent for the unfortunate orphan, and finding her both lovely and accomplished, he immediately adopted her, and took her with him through all his travels on the continent. So, Charley, this was the sweet little girl in black that I drew out of the overturned coach on the hillside in Switzerland; and now the daughter is the reigning beauty of the flourishing county-town which stands upon the old farm to which the father's cruelty had banished his own sister, in poverty and suffering.—

"Come, tell me, Charley, my lad," said I, "what think you of my story?"

Charley considered the matter in silence, for some time, and then remarked:

"Uncle, when I go to the West, I'll buy my own

land, out and out, at once, if it's only enough to build Carlo a dog-house upon; then, if he will not let me sleep with him, I'll crawl into a hollow tree, and live there with my axe, till I have chopped wood enough to buy a garden and a cow; but I'll never run in debt, and be the slave of an agent!"

THE WOODEN PAIL.

THE WOODEN PAIL.

BY AUNT MARY.

When first to these broad hills I came,
A little barefoot girl,
My sunburnt neck was shaded o'er
With many a jetty curl;

But not a fillet or a comb
Restrained their wandering wild;
No belt or corset bound me then,
A merry mountain child!

We had no barn; the cattle roved
Where'er they chose to browse,
The deer went bounding through the woods,
Or came in with the cows.

Freely the little brook leaped down
Along the rocky glen;
There was no mill-dam by the way
To chain its current then;

Freely, upon the tallest tree,
The wood-thrush tuned its song;
Without a cage, the mocking-bird
Was chaunting all night long;

And freely, through our cabin walls,
Whistled by night and day,
The saucy wind at every chink;—
I was as free as they!

I played, and romped, and laughed, and sang,
And made the echoes ring,
And decked my hair with pretty flowers
That grew down by the spring.

There mother,—she was barefoot too,—
On washing-day would come,
To rinse the clothes; I, half afraid
To be so far from home.

We had no silver goblets then,
For wine or foaming ale;
Our only drink was water pure,
Our cup a wooden pail.

And often I would lay me down,
Beneath the beechen bough,
To gaze upon the lofty pine
That crowned yon mountain's brow.

Then, when I heard the voice of God
Come whispering through the wood,
I thought how near it was to heaven,
From where that summit stood.

I thought I'd like to climb the height,
To breathe my morning prayer;
'Twas such a very little way,
He'd surely hear me there!

Now, all that used to rove so wild
About the forest free,
Have fled, or yielded to the chain
Of slavery, like me.

An humble maiden now bedecks,
With gems my braided hair,
For time has changed to gold the land
Of which I am the heir.

My mother lies beneath the sod,
My father went before;
And people call me mistress, now,
Of half my eyes explore.

Yet fashion binds me in a zone
So tight, I pant for air;
And others, not myself, direct
The garb that I must wear.

The deer are gone: within the barn
The prisoned cattle low,
Or lie fenced up in narrow fields,
From which they cannot go.

Down in the little rocky glen
The factory dam spreads wide,
A stagnant pool, where once the brook
Danced in its merry pride.

The mocking-bird within its cage
Mocks only grating wheels;
No more its strained art-tortured ear
The voice of nature feels.

Before the axe, the forest trees
Have fallen long ago;
No more the thrush's silver note,
These formal orchards know.

The wind would flare the splendid lamp,
The light the carpet spoil,
As I sit here in idle state:—
It were disgrace to toil!

'Tis true I worship in a church
With purple drapery hung,
Where thundering from the gilded choir
The organ peal is flung.

To seek the straight and narrow way,
Aloud the preacher calls;
I cannot see our starry home
Through those thick arching walls!

I listen for the voice of God;
The anthem drowns it now!
I cannot see the tall pine tree
Upon the mountain's brow.

My mind by passion tempest tost;
The tree by lightning riven;
Alas! it is so very far,
So far away to heaven.

Then take these gems that deck my hair,
All scentless in their pride,
And let me freely breathe once more
On some wild mountain side!

Let me in some lone woodland cot
Forget this prison dome,
And drinking from my wooden pail
Look up upon my home!

THOUGHTS ON A RAMBLE.

BY UNCLE THOMAS.

One day last spring I threw down my book, and started away over the river, to take a lonely walk; for I wished to enjoy the opening season, and to see the young leaves putting forth so beautifully—some brown, some red, some light green, and some yellow—before the sun had time to deepen them into the almost uniform dark hue of summer.

It is the light that gives to all vegetables their peculiar tint, as you may easily discover, my little readers, when any neglected potato in the cellar happens to have sprouted there, in the dark. But perhaps you live in town, and have no chance to see a potato sprout. If so, the first time that father and mother take you riding into the country, ask leave to run out for a few minutes, by the road-side or in a field, and turn over a few stones beside the fence;

or, if you be in the woods, rake up a few of the dried leaves, where the little wild flowers come peeping up here and there. You will perceive that the young sprouts of the grass and other plants, curling about to find a passage, are pale and deathlike in their hue, until they can reach up into the light of heaven; but then, how quickly they become strong, and put on their bright green jackets! Just so the young leaves and flowers, when they first bud forth, are white or pale in colour, whatever tint they may be destined to acquire when they reach perfection. Look at a peach, for instance:—when the blossom first falls, it is white; then it becomes green; and it does not begin to blush and look beautiful till it is warmed by the July sun.

As I was rambling along through the thickets that skirt the Woodbury road and the margin of Timber Creek, enjoying the smell of the pines, I amused myself by pulling bouquets of blue and yellow violets, with a few of the white, for the sake of their fine scent, and plucking an occasional bough of the upland whortleberry, with its delicate waxen bells all hanging downward in double rows beneath

the fresh young leaves, as if modestly wishing to keep out of sight, though constantly betrayed by their delicious odour—a virtue not to be concealed. While thus engaged, I could not help thinking how strange it is, that such multitudes of people manage to pass through this beautiful world without seeing its loveliness, because they neglect to observe the laws by which it is governed.

To me the woods and fields are full of old and dearly-loved acquaintances and friends. I cannot be alone; for every little flower teaches me some moral lesson, or gives some useful hint. Not an insect buzzes by, not a lizard rustles among the leaves, but it serves to awaken the idea of some plan for rendering mankind more healthy, more happy, or more wise.

And then, such studies are so delightful in themselves, that one would think they would be pursued by everybody, for their own sake. Yet the delicate little girl from a city, the moment she finds herself under the shadow of a grove of trees, begins to tremble for fear of snakes; or, if she ventures out upon the green after the dew has done rising, to

enjoy the soft light of the glorious full moon, she screams and runs into the house, the moment a poor little bat happens to flit past in chase of the host of moths and small black bugs that come trooping up to burn themselves at the parlour lamp, thinking, no doubt, as silly creatures of larger growth are, but too prone to do, that what looks so bright and beautiful at a distance, must certainly be kind, or good, or valuable, when near. If our foolish little boys and girls would only consent to observe and study these animals, so as to become acquainted with their habits, they would find amusement and instruction, instead of terror, in the woods and in the moonlight.

Now, as these and other thoughts were passing through my mind on the banks of Timber Creek, I concluded I might as well put them in print, and offer them to my little readers of the Christmas Blossoms.

A DISCOURSE ON SNAKES.

There is not a snake to be found anywhere within ten miles of either of our northern capitals, that

would hurt an infant, if it were to bite one, unless it may be an occasional copper-head—a very dangerous species of viper, of which one or two might probably be found after a long search, under a pile of loose rocks or about some old stone fence, in the very wildest parts of our brook-sides or rocky glens. But these poor creatures seem to know that they are out of place, so near the habitations of men, and their still more implacable enemies, the pigs; and they are very careful not to be seen or felt. Even when we want specimens of this snake for our museums, we have to travel a great way to find one. Such an accident as the bite of a copper-head, anywhere within twenty miles of a city, I have not heard of for more than that number of years.

The rattlesnake is common in cedar swamps and pine lands; but except when walking in the dark, or gathering whortleberries and cranberries, or treading through close thickets or tall grass, the slightest care is sufficient to guard against them. They are no longer found within thirty miles, (probably not within twice that distance,) of Philadelphia, except about the Jersey pine and scrub-oak lands. There,

they are very common even within about twenty miles.

The rattlesnake seldom climbs; the copper-head never does so; though the former not unfrequently mounts upon tangled bushes, or along the trunks of trees that lean very much, from the effect of storms or the rapid currents that sweep over our river bottoms in heavy freshets. In such situations, they have been known to strike a careless hunter or trout-fisher about the face.

Wherever one can see all around him, there can be no danger from snakes in any of the northern or middle states of the Union; for the idea that these creatures ever lie in wait for man, or spring from their concealment upon the larger animals, is an idle notion of people who love the wonderful much more than truth. No snake can spring far beyond his own length, and the only ones that even *appear* to leap through greater distances, are some very active little serpents, perfectly harmless, but making up in spitefulness what they want in strength:—You have seen such dispositions, I presume, among those who esteem themselves far nobler than the reptiles.

These active leapers are seldom more than six inches long: I have often allowed them to bite me, but they can hardly prick one sufficiently to be felt, with their diminutive, needle-like teeth. The rattlesnake and the copper-head cannot throw their heads more than about two-thirds of their own length, even when wound up and ready to strike. With a stout switch six feet long, they may be killed, when seen, with the greatest ease and safety.

It is a wise dispensation of Providence, that poisonous reptiles are generally lazy and slow in their movements; while many of those which depend on seizing and crushing their prey by twisting around it, or upon the strength of their jaws, are very active and fierce. You have heard, no doubt, of the great boa constrictor of the East Indies, which sometimes hangs dangling from the limb of a large tree, like a prodigious piece of cable, thirty or forty feet long, and when the tiger or any other of the great cats of tropical countries comes up to play with it, as our kittens will play with a string, drops down upon it suddenly, envelopes pussy in its enormous folds, crushes all her bones, covers her with slime, and

then swallows her whole! One of these creatures of moderate size—some twenty feet or so in length—was exhibited at a menagerie in this country a few years ago; and when winter was coming on, the keepers took pity upon the poor stranger, it seemed to be so numb with the cold; so one night they gave it a woollen blanket to sleep upon. Next morning the blanket was gone, and was nowhere to be found. After a long hunt, they discovered that, the wool having a strong odour of living mutton, his snake-ship's imagination had become excited, and he *swallowed the blanket!* thinking, in all probability, that American hospitality was not much to be praised, when it left to its dignified guest "no more of the dead sheep than its hide."

We have among us, in the common blacksnake, a reptile whose habits resemble, in many respects, those of the boa constrictor. It climbs upon trees, and sucks the eggs of the poor little birds. When it is large enough, it will kill rabbits by wrapping itself around them and stopping their breath. Its teeth are long and sharp, and it can make a painful wound; but it is entirely free from poison. It swal-

lows wood-mice, toads, and small birds, head foremost, and whole; and its power of suction is so great, that it can take in an animal nearly twice as thick as itself; though, in this respect, it is not equal to the small snake, commonly, though wrongly called the viper, in New Jersey. This last is a very common and very spiteful reptile, though entirely harmless to man. If you happen to stop near by where it is lying, it will crawl slyly towards you, and tap away at your boot or shoe, again and again. It has often served me so, as I have stood among the pine or oak bushes, dissecting some rare wild flower, to ascertain its name and nature; but the instant the snake perceives that your eye rests upon it, it winds cautiously away, looking as if it was sauntering there merely by accident, and didn't mean any harm, at all, at all! I have frequently found these voracious creatures lying sluggishly on the sand, after having gormandized upon two or three large fat toads for a dinner that requires about a week for digestion; and have sometimes killed them when in this state.

You know how long a toad will live without air or food. Now, on more than one occasion, when I

have taken from the body of a snake, one of these hoppers, exhausted and pale from terror and want of breath and sunshine, the ugly creature has looked about in wonder for a few minutes; stretched first one leg and then the other, to see that it really had the use of its limbs; put its hind foot to its eye, and wiped away a tear; then, after a croak or two of gratitude, tumbled away with its awkward half somersets towards the bushes, to gather flies and bugs, and taste the joys of eating, after having just experienced those of *being eaten*.

The common blacksnake is very impudent, and will sometimes chase children that appear afraid of it, though it runs away as soon as they find courage to turn and face it boldly. But there is another kind of blacksnake, which the farmers call "the racer," because it will run even faster than a man. They will tell you wonderful stories about these racers; how they will wind themselves around people's necks and strangle them, if ever they get an opportunity; but all such stories are the offspring of the fears of those who are ignorant of the real nature of these animals. It is true that when very

large, they will even venture to attack grown men, sometimes running fiercely up to them, with their heads elevated two or three feet in the air, and making an appearance which may well alarm those who suppose their bite to be poisonous, or their strength dangerously great. But, in fact, though a large racer may draw blood, and the bite is so severe that it is quite as well to avoid it, the merest child could kill one with the greatest ease, and very safely win for himself the honours of Hercules, the Grecian hero so renowned for strangling serpents in his cradle. Even a boa constrictor twice as long as the largest racer can be unwound with the greatest ease, when allowed to twist around an arm after its own fashion; and if a tiger had the hands of a man, coupled with its own great strength, it is not likely that it would become the prey of even the enormous serpents of Asia and Africa.

Among other monsters of our woods, of which those who are fond of the marvellous tell the most wonderful stories, are the fabulous hoop-snake and horn-snake. The former, if you will believe the stories of those who, according to their own account, have actually "seen a man that saw one," but never

saw one themselves, will put its tail in its mouth, and rolling over and over, like a hoop, will pursue an enemy more rapidly than a horse can run! They represent it as so deadly in its properties, that if it strike its tail into the bark of a tree, the entire tree will die in a few hours, and speedily fall to decay! The latter—that is, the horn-snake—is also said to carry its poison in its tail, and to destroy the stoutest trees of the forest by a wound as slight as that with which the rattle-snake secures its prey.

I well remember the terror with which, when a little boy, I heard these awful stories; but they are all idle dreams. The only known animals that can give poisonous wounds with their tails are insects, such as hornets, wasps, bees, and yellow-jackets, with a few little creatures living upon the land, but resembling crabs, that are found in very hot countries, and are called scorpions. I saw a sailor-boy once, into whose shoe a scorpion crept during the night, and when he came to put it on the next morning, the scorpion stung him in the big toe. The poor little fellow came very near dying of the wound, but he got well again, and lived to be a man, for all that.

So you see, my young readers, that you have nothing to fear from snakes in this part of the world, until you travel among the mountains or near the wide woods, where there are miles of country without a house; and even there, if the farmers allow their pigs to run wild, there is very little danger; for the hogs eat up the most poisonous snakes, and seem to be very fond of them, although their bite will kill almost any other animal. You may think this a curious taste, even for pigs; but the Indians themselves sometimes cook and eat the body of the rattlesnake, considering it quite a delicacy!

"Ah; but you forget the lizards, the ugly, poisonous lizards!" I think I hear some timid little girl exclaim:—"I am afraid to go into the woods for fear of the lizards!" Well; I suppose I must say a few words about these much-abused reptiles too.

A TREATISE ON LIZARDS.

If it is unreasonable to be in perpetual fear about snakes, it is still more unreasonable to be alarmed at

the rustle of a lizard. Whatever you may hear of these creatures, from those who pretend to know all about them, you may rest assured that there is not in the whole world such a thing as a poisonous lizard. These animals have no means of injuring any one except by their bite; and if we except the alligator, (I do not mean the soft-bodied reptile so called, which is about eighteen inches long, and goes crawling about the muddy bottoms of lakes and ponds in the northern part of the valley of the Mississippi, unable to offend anything larger than an earth-worm or a minnow, unless by its horrible ugliness; but the true alligator of the southern states;) there is not one of the whole tribe, nor anything resembling them even in shape, within the limits of the United States, that could bite hard enough to break a finger!

As to those little, scaly quadrupeds, that dart away through the dry leaves, and run scratching with their sharp claws along the hard bark of the trees or stand peeping at you from behind a small branch or a fence-rail on a hot July day,—their throats all glowing with brilliant green and burnished gold, like

the neck of a humming-bird, and their sharp, piercing eyes glistening like diamonds from under their stern and overhanging brows—you may chase and catch them *if you can*, without any fear. They cannot even *pinch* hard enough to hurt you. They are easily tamed, and were it not for the strange prejudice with which people view them, they would make even agreeable pets.

Among the animals known by the name of lizard, there are many which have no scaly covering, but are furnished with a very soft, slimy skin. These are more properly called newts. Some of them are striped and spotted with the most beautiful colours, quite equal to those of the richest flowers, while others are among the ugliest objects in nature. Some kinds live in the water, under stones, or in holes in the mud; others are found under logs in moist ground, beneath the bark of decayed stumps, or in passages bored by the worms and beetles in rotten wood. It often happens that when fresh sticks collected from damp places are thrown on the fire, these poor little creatures are driven from their hiding-places by the heat, and being seen struggling

through the hot ashes, ignorant people have taken a notion that they can live in fire, and have given them the name of *salamanders*. They will tell you that their bite, and even their touch is deadly; and yet there is no being in creation less capable of mischief than these persecuted newts.

The little birds are constantly on the lookout for newts. They dare not come out of their hiding-places, to bask for an hour in the sunshine; for they can hardly leave a leg or a tail exposed for a moment, before some saucy sparrow or chattering cat-bird nips off the limb with its sharp bill, and carries it away to feed its young ones, or uses it for a dessert after its dinner of bugs and caterpillars. But this is not the worst of the matter; for, after a newt has contributed a leg or a tail to the gratification of the warblers that come to serenade it, nature soon restores the injured part: the member grows out again, like a fresh limb of a tree, and it is a lucky lizard if, in the course of a few weeks or months, some other songster is not cruel enough to set it to work once more, in manufacturing new legs and tails for the accommodation of its feathered tyrants!

It is true that, in tropical climates, the woods, the rocky barrens, and the piles of stones that mark the ruins of old cities, harbour many lizards of great size, which might be dangerous to man if they were not so very timid, that they take to flight the moment they see him. There are few other animals so anxious as these monsters to get out of our way, and to keep in concealment; and were it not that the guanas, the ugliest of them all, are carefully sought out and dragged from the dark corners of old walls and deserted apartments, to be dished up as a luxury for the tables of those who are fond of good living, we should seldom be permitted even to see them, except when shooting past us, as fast as their short legs and curling tails can carry them, in order to avoid our acquaintance.

Fortunately, however, some kinds of lizards are not afraid of man, but become, in fact, members of his household, and among the most useful of his domestic animals!

Were you ever in Jersey in mosquito time? If you have been, you can form some idea of the number of insect plagues that surround one in the

low lands of hot regions. In India, for instance, not only have you the same swarms of mosquitoes, but the great flying cockroaches are scarcely less numerous. They strike you in the face with stinging force as you walk out to enjoy the evening air: they dash into your lamp, and extinguish it with their wings when you attempt to read: they rustle over your paper while you are writing a letter, making *phonographic* characters which nothing but a cockroach can spell, as their long legs drag the ink after them, across the page. Wherever you turn, you may see them hurrying along,

> "O'er plate and platter,
> Making a most prodigious smell
> And some sma' clatter!"

Then, again, the ticks and fleas, the night-moths and beetles, the white ants and the red ants, are at work everywhere, especially at night. To avoid them, and live in any degree of comfort, you must shut out the refreshing breeze from your pillow by mosquito nets, though the weather is often as hot at

midnight as it is here at noon on a sultry August day, and the feet of your bedstead must be placed in pans of water, to keep all kinds of vermin from crawling up the posts. In fact, life in Bengal would be scarcely supportable by an American, who cannot cover himself all over with cocoanut oil, as the natives do, if it were not for the aid of the friendly house-lizards, which are furnished with suckers on their feet, after the fashion of our tree-frogs.

As soon as the evening closes in, thousands of these little reptiles come trooping out from every chink in the wall, and every dark corner. Away they go, like so many flies over the side walls and ceiling; over the polished tables and the mirrors! All night long you hear them chirping merrily, like sparrows, on every side around you, as they busily pursue their game, snapping up every small insect that dares to rest its foot, except the ants and the larger spiders. The former are too numerous to be destroyed, and the latter are sometimes so strong as to seize and prey upon the house-lizard itself! These useful creatures are commonly about as long as one's finger. They are not covered with scales, but have a tough,

ash-coloured skin, dotted all over with very small brown warts; and they change their colour considerably, like the chameleon, according to that of the surface on which they rest. One can scarcely notice them in the day-time, when they are clinging, like lumps of plaster covered with fly-dirt, flat against the wall.

"But surely," methinks I hear you say, "some lizards must be poisonous; for I have heard of so many people being killed by them, when I was very little!" Did you ever hide your head under the bed-clothes, in the middle of the night, as you thought of the fiery dragons—great winged lizards—about which the child's nurse was used to tell us, if we were "naughty" and would not go to sleep when we were told to do so, whether we were able to sleep or not? I remember very well how seriously the dear old Welsh woman who nursed me in infancy, assured us little folks that there certainly was a kind of fiery-mouthed, winged serpent, living high up upon the side of Snowden, the loftiest mountain in Wales. Sparks, she said, were shot from its eyes; flames issued from its mouth; and its breath was so

poisonous that every living thing coming within its influence withered and died! She said this, and believed it too; for she assured us, with white cheeks, that one of them once lit upon the window-frame of the very church where, when she was a little girl, she had gone to worship, and she saw it with her own eyes! The boldest of the congregation, it seems, closed all the shutters, except those of the casement at which the awful monster stood sentinel; and then, all sat trembling and silent, with nothing but the glass between them and destruction! After waiting in terror four long hours, the people stole out of the back door by twos and threes, and creeping along the ditches and hedges, managed to get home without arousing the dragon. There, as Nurse Mary declared, they remained shut up in the dark until next morning, when one of the bravest among them, stealing cautiously up to the church, found that the monster had flown.

You will laugh, no doubt, at this picture of the absurd fears of some ignorant and superstitious villagers in a wild mountain valley; but is it any more ridiculous than the fright that seizes upon a young

girl from New York or Philadelphia, when walking in the forest, perhaps for the first time, she comes suddenly upon a group of tall ferns, each curling its thick brown fruit-stem high over the green leaves, looking like a great snake prepared for battle?

Nurse Mary's story of the Welsh dragon probably took its rise from one of those splendidly coloured dragon-flies which naturalists call *libellulæ*, and common folks *snake-feeders;* for, although there is (in Arabia, I believe,) a flying lizard with wings formed somewhat like those of the flying squirrel, by means of which it can sail from tree to tree, it is not found in Wales, and is even less terrible than the snake-feeder. It cannot bite half so hard as that insect can pinch!

Now this was, in fact, quite as good a foundation for the fable of the flying dragon, as any one can find for the awful stories of the hoop-snake and the horn-snake, so constantly repeated, on long winter evenings, over the farmer's fireside. All these stories have their origin in the peculiar appearance of the tail of a sluggish little serpent, about two feet long and very prettily coloured, which lives chiefly in

the hollows of decayed trees, and stumps that are almost ready to crumble to pieces. It often buries itself completely in the rotten wood, and subsists chiefly upon the beetles and large boring worms that it finds there. Snakes of this kind live in pairs; and I have several times chopped them out from their lairs with my wood-hatchet or tomahawk. You will now at once perceive the reason why they have been supposed to destroy trees by the poison of their sting. If you should ever examine the much-dreaded *tail* that is said to produce such wonders,—and you can do it very safely after the *head* is off,—you will find that the pretended horn is simply composed of three of the scales, which happen to be formed of a rather larger size than those covering the rest of the body, and are slightly curved. The idle notion that these reptiles put their tails in their mouths, and roll over like hoops, probably springs from a habit they have of raising the tail and shaking it threateningly, as the rattle-snake does, when disturbed; but they make no noise. The idea may have also gained readier belief, from the manner in which the racer black-snake sometimes throws up two or three feet of his

neck and body into the air, when in chase of anything; curving it, at the same time, as the swan curves its neck. Cowardly people, when running away, are not likely to observe very correctly the real shape of that which is coming after them.

Such, then, is the kind of foundation that really exists for the whims and superstitions which prevent so many young masters and misses from enjoying themselves freely in the country, during vacations. This is very much to be regretted; for little masters and misses grow up very much like the grass in the fields, and the plants in the garden; as you will find when you come to study physiology. If difficulties and troubles, like rocks and stones, cover them over and keep them from reaching the air of heaven and the sunshine of truth, morals, and kindness; if they are shut up through all their youthful years in close factories, or in the narrow lanes of dirty cities; they remain pale and weak, both in body and mind, like grass sprouting under a log.

When children are carefully educated, and enjoy the advantages of wealth and comfort, under affec-

tionate parents, they are expected to blossom like garden flowers and ripen like garden fruits, which, as you know, are far more showy and sweeter to the taste than the humble heath-bells and the wild berries of the forest:—but, if too tenderly reared, and denied, through over-caution and mistaken kindness, the proper exercise of the limbs and the proper exposure to the weather, the sunshine and even the storm, they shoot up like celery round which the gardener piles the dirt to keep it from the light and render it unnaturally white. Just so a little boy or girl that sits all day in the darkened parlour, and never goes into the kitchen or trundles a hoop in the square! Such young folks may be very pretty, and so tender that everybody may love them "*almost well enough to eat them up!*" but they can never be healthy either in body or mind; and like the celery, when the gardener is gone and the showers have washed away the earth from around it, their little green noses get nipped by the first frost, and they die before they are good for anything. Let me recommend you, then, to run wild in the woods

whenever you have an opportunity: see everything, examine everything, think of everything, ask questions about everything, and try to grow up useful men and women, in spite of the snakes and the lizards.

J. SARTAIN

THE SECOND DAY OF THE NEW HONEY-MOON.

OR, A VISIT FROM MISS WILSON.

You remember the story about Mr. and Mrs. Thompson at the very beginning of this little book; do you not? You remember how frightened the lady was, when she thought she had been caught mending clothes within visiting hours; and surely you cannot have forgotten the sly note of invitation to Uncle Thomas and Miss Wilson, that the little bird in the air read in the library while Mr. Thompson was writing it.

Well; as I told you before, the servant-girl had given warning; and, in the morning, sure enough, she went away, leaving Mrs. T. without any help at all in the house, except the cook and the coachman; and he could be of no use to her. Was not she in terrible trouble?

Now, you must know that Mr. Thompson did

actually send that mischievous note; and I will tell you why he did so. He knew that Emily's mother was very much afraid of Miss Wilson, because she was so fashionable and so learned; and he knew they would never come to be sociable and friendly with each other by merely meeting in company. But he was resolved that the ice should be completely broken between them, because Miss W. was really a very sensible, kind-hearted woman; one of those that deserve to be happy and rich, because they do so much good in the world. Then he knew that she was as good a story-teller as Cousin Peter, and that she was very fond of children, as really good people always are. He knew also that her stories were always worth hearing, and he wanted Emily to profit by them, at the same time that she could improve her manners by copying after so graceful a model.

Having finished her afternoon nap and given a few general directions to the cook, on the second day of the new honey-moon, Mrs. T. brought her work from the nursery, and tapping gently at the library door, to inform her husband that her domestic cares for

the day were nearly over, she established herself once more behind the folding-doors in the parlour.

Mr. T. soon came down, with two or three books under his arm; and if anything went wrong before evening, the little snow-bird did not find it out.

Emily and Dash had gone to visit a friend, and did not return till after sunset. About six o'clock, however, they came bounding in, through the garden, by the way of the alley gate; and then everything was topsy-turvy in a minute.

It had become almost too dark to sew or to read, and it was still too early to bring in the lights; so the father laid aside his book, the mother put her work in the basket, and they sat on the sofa quietly enjoying the romp, while Emily was tossing the shuttle-cock and Dash was doing all he could to catch it; getting a box on the ear from the bat every now and then, and answering every tap with a short, good-humoured bark.

Presently, a carriage was driven up to the door; and the next moment, ting, dingle, dingle, ding, went the bell, in a very positive and authoritative manner.

"Gracious me!" cried Mrs. T., "who can it be!

and just at tea-time! What shall we do? The coachman has gone to hunt for a girl, and the cook will not tend the bell!"

"How lucky it is that I am at home then, to save the cook's dignity," said her husband, smiling; "I have heard say that a great king once lost his life by having too hot a fire made in front of the throne. Before the proper officer could be found to carry part of the fuel away, the monarch was so heated that he took a bad cold that night and died. Poor man! Custom would not let him move the throne away from the fire; and so he had to die for it! But I believe I will venture to go to act as janitor myself, this time."

In a few seconds voices were heard in the entry; then the front parlour-door creaked on its hinges; footsteps jarred the floor; the folding-doors rolled heavily back, and three figures were seen advancing in the twilight.

"Jane, my dear," said the voice of Mr. T., "here are our friends, Miss Wilson and her brother;" but before he could add another word, little Emily exclaimed, "Uncle Thomas! Oh! I am so glad to

see you!"—and she sprang into his arms; while Dash danced and capered round the room, and at last, barked right out! Poor fellow; he could not help it, for he had not seen Uncle Thomas for—I don't know how long!

As soon as order was in some degree restored, Mr. T. continued:

"I had some business with Mr. Wilson this evening, and not wishing to leave you and Emily altogether alone, I asked him to bring his sister with him, and take a sociable cup of tea with us. I did not think it worth while to consult you about it; for I knew Miss Wilson cared nothing about forms when among her brother's friends. It is true you have just lost your girl, and have nobody to wait on table; but I will help Miss Wilson, and Uncle Thomas will attend to you and Emily; so we shall get along very well!"

"This absence of all ceremony is indeed delightful," said Miss W., as she embraced her agitated hostess; "I have long been anxious to be entered upon your list of *friends*."

Now, there was no resisting such frankness of tone; and poor Mrs. T., half recovering from her mortification and alarm, ventured to reply, "I am extremely glad that any cause should bring about an intimacy which I have so often desired, but I am afraid that—"

"There, there! Do not say a word about it," returned Miss W. "I perceive the whole scheme. This drily mischievous husband of yours has been playing a prank upon you. He is more of a wag than a philosopher, at last: let us turn the tables upon him. Your maid has left you? Well; I am glad of it! It gives me an opportunity of proving to my excellent brother, that we fashionables, as he is pleased to style us, are not such slaves of trifles, incapable of helping ourselves, as he sometimes represents us. I have brought my work with me, at his suggestion, and now let us make ourselves happy, and forget the world and its whims."

"Emily, my dear," said Mr. T., "go ask the cook for a candle, and I will light the astral lamp:" then, as the child withdrew to execute the order, he added, "I presume Jane has recovered her colour, and

smoothed down the frowns on her brow by this time; and we may venture to look fearlessly in each others' faces."

When the light was brought, all seemed cheerful and at their ease. If there were anything wanting to remove the last shadow of restraint, it was found in the little scene which was passing just as tea was announced.

"And now, dear Mrs. T.," said Miss W., "as we are fairly established as intimates at last, I have a favour to ask of you. We have a little sociable company of very select friends, who meet regularly at our house on every Thursday evening. There is great variety of character in the circle, and the conversation is delightful. All forms are thrown aside; dress is disregarded, and clever people meet there who probably never meet elsewhere. To invite one to this circle is the highest compliment that I can pay, and I hope you will not refuse to join with us hereafter; I am sure you will be pleased."

While Mrs. T. was returning her thanks for this free card of entry to the most exclusive group of

the exclusives, little Emily stood by, with sparkling eyes, and at the first pause she ventured timidly to ask: "May not I come too?"

"Hush, my child!" said her mother; "do you suppose that the learned people, the artists and poets that assemble at Mrs. Wilson's, would wish to be bothered with a little girl who would go to sleep among them directly, because she could not understand them?"

But Miss W. immediately interposed. "Oh! there is room for Emily too," said she; "I have an adopted child, a daughter of a dear friend, now no more. She is but little younger than Emily, and I should like them to become acquainted. They can stay in the drawing-room as long as they choose, and when they are weary of Latin, and Greek, and philosophy, they may retreat to the nursery, where Ellen has her own little library and plenty of playthings."

Emily looked her gratitude, and Dash, who seemed to be almost another Emily running on four legs, thrust his great nose into Miss Wilson's lap, and casting his great big eyes piteously up to her face,

gave a long low whine, that said, almost as plainly as words, "And what is to become of me?"

"I understand you, Dash," said Miss W., as she gently stroked his ears, "and you may as well come with your little mistress: your style of conversation may be somewhat too *dogmatical* for refined society, but Stella's pet spaniel will be happy to welcome you in his own parlour, by the stable door. We make it a rule at our house, to accommodate all kinds of talent, and you are certainly a remarkably intelligent puppy, Dash!"

With such a lively and amiable person as Miss Wilson, all the little inconveniences of life, at which housekeepers are so prone to grumble, pass over as lightly as the shadows of summer clouds. Though the coffee was not quite as warm as it ought to have been that evening, and the ham was too much browned; though the cook looked cross, and set the table badly, and Emily was sent to the kitchen three times during the meal; Mrs. Thompson found, to her astonishment, that everything seemed to "go off"

delightfully. So, when the gentlemen had retired to the library after tea, and the two ladies were quietly seated at their work in the back parlour, she thought she had never felt so perfectly at her ease in her life before.

Presently, Emily came running up, and inquired, "What is the name of Stella's little dog?"

"She calls it Fidelle, because it is so very faithful," replied Miss Wilson.

"And why did you call your adopted daughter, Stella? It is a very queer name!"

"Stella is the Latin for *a star*, and her poor mother called her so because her eyes were so very bright and piercing."

"Why, have men's and women's names always a meaning, like other words?" asked Emily, in much surprise.

"Not always, perhaps, but they generally have; though the meaning of many of them is lost by time," remarked Miss W. "Sometimes," she continued, "their meaning obliges you to laugh when you see how unfit they are for the people who bear

them:—for instance, my maidservant's name is Margaret, which means *a pearl;* but she is as brown as a berry, and as rough, unpolished, and uneven as a piece of pumice."

"I am afraid you will annoy Miss Wilson with your questions," said her mother.

"Not in the least; I have just finished hemming my handkerchief," replied the kindhearted lady, as she put it carefully in her work-basket: "and now, Emily, come and sit by me. My brother tells me you are very fond of pictures and stories; so, I brought with me one or two engravings, expressly for your amusement."

Emily sprang on to the sofa, and laid her head in Miss W.'s lap, as she once more thrust her hand into the basket and drew forth a picture.

"Here is a very pretty plate that Uncle Thomas has caused to be engraved for the Christmas Blossoms," said she: "Stella and Fidelle both stood for the artist while he was drawing it, and the likenesses are so very lifelike, that I am sure you will know them both by the resemblance, the very moment you

pay them a visit. There is a story connected with this picture, and if you please, I will tell it you."

Emily turned her eyes up thankfully to Miss W., and actually ventured to pat her on the neck, as she lay with her head on her lap; and the lady began:

THE STORY OF STELLA AND FIDELLE.

"Last spring and summer," said Miss W., "there happened to occur a great many cases of hydrophobia. All over the country we heard of dogs going mad, and a number of people were bitten by them. Several children and two or three well-known grown persons died of this terrible disease, either in the city of Philadelphia, or within a few miles of it, and almost everybody was very much alarmed. The dogs that had no owners, and many of the valuable pets who were left without their muzzles, through the carelessness of servants or the false kindness of their friends, were shot or poisoned without mercy.

Yet still we heard of fresh accidents from day to day; and at last the public became so terrified, that the owners of dogs were generally obliged to tie them up or chain them, to save them from the hostility of their neighbours.

"But there is no more likely way to drive an animal mad, than to place it in unnatural confinement, and then forget to feed it and give it water to drink at proper times, or to tease and worry it when it cannot get away. Many a cur has been driven into hydrophobia by the neglect of housemaids, or the cruelty of naughty boys; and some, no doubt, by merely being called mad, and pursued with sticks and stones, have actually become so.

"It is all very well to be careful of dogs, as well as *little boys and girls*, when contagious diseases are prevalent, and to prevent them from going near those that are already affected, unless duty calls them there; but by too much care we often produce the very evil we would avoid. If we shut up a child closely in the house without exercise and air, and change its diet for fear of contagion, when the measles or the whooping-cough or the scarlet fever

is about, we are very likely to make it ill; and if ill at all at such times, it is almost sure to have the measles, the whooping-cough, or the scarlet fever!

"Now, for these reasons, my brother refused to allow Fidelle to be chained up in the yard, though the neighbours' dogs were kept whining and howling all night for their liberty. We were careful to muzzle him during the day, and to prevent him from going into the street, for fear of accidents; but he had the free range of the house, and was continually romping with Stella, as Dash does with you."

Here Dash, who had stood gazing in the speaker's face with philosophical gravity for several minutes, ventured to make his usual commentary, "Wough;" and Emily seized upon this favourable opportunity to inquire, with a puzzled look;

"Do dogs have whooping-cough and measles like boys and girls?"

"I cannot say positively whether they have or not, my dear," replied the lady; "for I have never studied the books that treat of the diseases of dogs; but Uncle Thomas, no doubt, could tell you; for he reads everything."

"Books written about the diseases of dogs!" cried Emily, in astonishment.

"Certainly, my child! and why should there not be? When our heavenly Father placed man upon earth, to rule over all this part of his creation, it was not designed that he should forget even the humblest of his dependants; how then could he neglect the welfare of a servant so faithful—a companion so intelligent—as the dog?"

Dash pricked up his ears at this compliment, and politely presented his fore paw to the speaker in token of acknowledgment; but Emily remained silent and thoughtful for a moment, until Miss W. proceeded.

"Books have been written," said she, "not only upon the diseases of cattle, dogs, and horses, but also upon those of birds, and even plants. In the Philadelphia Library there is a work upon domestic pigeons, containing an interesting chapter upon their various complaints. Now, to show you that these studies are not beyond the reach, or beneath the notice of wise and learned men, I assure you that a particular friend of mine has frequently saved the lives of his

sick pigeons, by giving them little black house-spiders in pieces of soft bread; and that he once cured a favourite bird of what appeared to be a confirmed consumption, by a dose of castor oil! The honey-bee is subject to a severe epidemic complaint which prevails during certain winters, as the typhus fever does among us; and hundreds of hives have been saved simply by putting a saucer filled with syrup mixed with a little good port wine, where the bees could reach it without exposing themselves to the cold. If the people who raise the silk-worm were not acquainted with the disorders which occur during *its childhood*, as regularly as whooping-cough and measles among little boys and girls, they would never be able to raise such multitudes of these industrious weavers as they can at present, and a new silk dress would cost you a great deal more money than it now does."

"I think I begin to see some use in knowing how to cure horses, and cows, and dogs, and birds, when they are sick," remarked Emily; "but trees and flowers cannot take the measles; and even if they

could, there would be no use in trying to cure them; for they have no mouths to take medicine!"

"I could readily convince you that trees and flowers have a great many more mouths than animals, and can swallow both medicines and poisons quite as easily, had we time to consider the question this evening," said Miss W.; "but I must be content with giving you two examples of vegetable disease, for which, if you could discover a cure, you might soon be richer than Stephen Girard or John Jacob Astor, who, when they were living, were considered the richest men in America.

"One of these diseases is *the potato rot*, which, for several years past, has been destroying a root that furnishes food for millions of men, and by this destruction has caused the starvation of hundreds of thousands of the poor people in Ireland. The other is a plague which has just broken out among the turpentine trees in North Carolina, killing whole groves in a few weeks, in a part of the country where such trees furnish the inhabitants with almost their only means of making a living! But you will learn all about these things when you are old enough

to study physiology; and it is high time to finish what I have to say about Fidelle and the hydrophobia.

"When everybody else was talking of mad dogs, and people were almost afraid to appear in the street after nightfall, Stella would not believe that her Fidelle could go mad; and she continued for many weeks to play with him as freely as ever. But when we constantly hear a thing repeated for a long time, without anybody venturing to contradict it, we are generally led to suspect that there must be some truth in it; and so it proved with Stella. When the hot weather was approaching, she watched Fidelle very closely, and began to feel more and more uneasy about him. At last, she resolved, like a careful guardian, to try an experiment, in order to discover whether there was anything suspicious about the health of her favourite puppy; and I will tell you how she proceeded.

"Adjoining my *boudoir*, there is a marble bath-tub, neatly sunk into the floor of a small apartment; and for the promotion of her own health, Stella takes a plunge in it every day. Now, Fidelle is a water

spaniel, and has been taught to 'fetch' anything thrown into the river or a pond. Stella had often seen him so engaged, when walking with Uncle Thomas in the country; so, one morning she plucked a beautiful white rose in the garden, and hurrying up stairs followed by the dog into the bath-room, she tossed it on to the water, expecting to see Fidelle dash in at once to the rescue of the charming bouquet. But alas, she was disappointed. Fidelle looked first at the flower and then at her; and then he shook his head, and went and laid down in a corner. Stella tried to entice him to come near the bath; but the more she endeavoured to persuade him, the crosser and more unwilling he looked."

"And was he really going mad?" asked Emily, interrupting the narrative in her anxiety.

"He was somewhat out of humour, no doubt, but I presume, not hydrophobic just then," replied Miss W.; "Fidelle was a spaniel, it is true; one of the gentle race that are said to lick the hand that beats them; but he was a dog of high blood; and even a spaniel may have a sense of self-respect. I have heard of a couple of negro serving-women who disputed

which should lead off in the dance at a corn-husking, because the employer of the one was the squire of the village, and the master of the other a captain in the militia! I dare say that Fidelle would have instantly leaped into the ocean, to save a flower for Stella; yet, to jump into a puddle of water in one corner of a room, in order to prove his devotion to his mistress, was beneath the dignity of even canine chivalry. No doubt he felt hurt at the request, and retired to a corner with a sense of wounded pride. But let us proceed with our story.

"When Stella perceived that the dog could not be induced to approach the water, she felt very uneasy; but she soon made up her mind, like a little philosopher, to continue the experiment. 'Surely,' she thought, 'he cannot be mad enough *yet* to bite me!' And she resolved to try the effect of *throwing* him into the water.

"Now, if Fidelle felt his dignity offended by the mere request of his mistress, his *dogged* sensibilities were far more thoroughly aroused by the attempt to subject him to force; and when he found himself fairly lifted in the arms, he rolled up his tail, and

kicked most unmercifully, whining and even snarling in token of the most decided opposition. But it was all in vain; Stella was determined that, *will he, nil he*, into the water, go he should! Look at the picture, and you will see their attitude at this interesting moment. Alas! in the very next instant, things assumed a far more serious appearance.

"In the last desperate struggle between an obstinate little girl and an equally obstinate little puppy, Fidelle opened his mouth to make a louder and more decided protest against the whole proceeding, when one of his teeth unfortunately happened to touch the back of the tender white hand with which Stella grasped his neck so affectionately as almost to strangle him.

"The scratch drew blood; and feeling the stinging pain, my little lady let go the dog and clapped her hand to her mouth. Of course, poor Fidelle fell heavily to the floor; and as his tail and hind legs went into the water, his chest was caught against the sharp marble rim of the bath, almost breaking his poor little ribs. With a loud yell, he sprang from

the bath, leaped through the half-opened door, and ran howling into the yard.

"Poor Stella was thunderstruck! She had been too busy with her wounded hand to observe the manner of the dog's fall; she only knew that he had touched the water, and had instantly fled with a violence and fury in his manner, in which no puppy of proper education was ever known to indulge! Poor child!—her eyes distended themselves from tiny bright stars, into great round full moons; her bosom heaved like the ocean just before a gale; her under lip trembled for a moment, and then began to swell and swell, till it seemed to threaten her dear little nose! Down stairs she came, just as she was, without shoe or stocking, creeping like a snail at first, one step at a time, but moving faster and faster, until at length she rushed into the parlour, with her long hair streaming behind her, almost straight with terror, and plunging her face into my lap, she held up her wounded hand, and burst into tears.

"Don't cry, my child," said I; "that is but a slight scratch; let me kiss it and make it well!"

"But she jerked it suddenly away, as she exclaimed, or rather screamed, 'Oh, aunty! Fidelle has gone mad and has bitten me!'

"I was ready to faint with affright; but mothers and aunties have no right to give way to their feelings when their little ones are in danger. In a moment, the blood rushed back all warm to my heart, and I sprang to the bell. I rang it so fiercely that the coachman and the chambermaid both came running to the call, in great alarm.

"'Jacob!' said I, 'Fidelle is mad. Go secure him instantly. Run no risks! Kill him, if necessary; but *secure him!*—Fly, Jane, to Dr. ——; tell him Stella is bitten! No waiting for your bonnet;—go! And as you return, call at the counting-house for my brother!'

"Oh! but there was distress in the family that morning! for every one loves little Stella: you may be sure that Fidelle was carefully watched; for the fate of our darling child appeared to depend upon his health or sickness. All that day and the next, he lay moping in front of his house, by the alley gate, and did not seem disposed to move. Even Uncle

Thomas was exceedingly anxious, though he pretended to treat the matter very lightly, and made me laugh, by telling me a queer story about a dog supposed to be mad, when he was a boy. I will narrate it before I go, if we have time. What gave me most comfort, however, was the perfect confidence of Jacob, the coachman.

"'I was raised among dogs,' said he, 'and have lived among dogs ever since; and jest as sure as my name's Jacob, Fidelle is no more mad than a human!'

"But on the third day after the accident, all thoughts of laughing or taking comfort rapidly vanished. Fidelle had recovered his activity. He was continually straining at his chain, and when any of the family approached him he would leap up, as if designing to spring upon them. His eyes were bloodshot and fierce, and every now and then he would howl most piteously. Even Jacob shook his head sorrowfully, as he edged over to the other side of the yard, in going to and from the stable.

"Towards sunset that evening we were all at the windows watching the poor brute, as, every few minutes, he bounded fiercely to the extent of his

chain, to be stopped suddenly and thrown backwards with a hoarse cry when the collar compressed his throat. Sometimes he would lay still for a while, with his tongue lolling out, and the froth gathered around his lips; but presently he would spring up once more, to renew the struggle.

"Our eyes were upon the suffering dog, but our thoughts were upon Stella. How soon might we be called to weep around the couch of my darling child,—the hope, the beautiful white rose of our household,—torn by similar pangs, and writhing in similar torture! Oh, it was a terrible day!

"The neighbours came in numbers; some to inquire after the fate of the child, but more to demand the death of the dog; and we were fast yielding to despair, when my brother, after a long and solemn pause, observed:

"'It is very singular that the poor animal should always spring in the same direction, whenever he attempts to break the chain. He behaves as if his attention was attracted, or his anger excited by something near the green blind screen in front of the stable windows. The box conceals that part of the

yard, and I feel curious to know the meaning of his strange behaviour.'

"'Oh! don't go near him, uncle,' cried our darling Stella, hanging on his arm. How very dear to us was she then, when a horrible fate seemed impending over her, dooming her to linger for weeks, perhaps for months, in hourly expectation of torture before which the bravest spirit well might quail! 'Oh! do not go out,' said the self-neglecting child; 'may be he may bite you too, and then what will poor aunty do, when we both die!'

"This was too much for me, and I burst into tears which would not be restrained. But my brother quietly proceeded; assuring Stella that he would prevent all danger by carrying with him a bucket of water; which, as people thought and said, no mad animal had courage to approach.

"Presently, we saw him passing down the yard with the bucket in his hand; and we trembled terribly as he drew near the ferocious beast. You will own we had cause to tremble when I tell you that the moment Fidelle saw the bucket, he became perfectly frantic, leaping and springing about in the

most furious manner. Still my brother advanced, though we threw open the window and begged him to stop, again and again. At last, he came within two or three yards of the dog-house; when Fidelle gave one tremendous bound directly towards him; and—oh, horrible!—the chain gave way!

"My brother instantly set down the bucket and ran for his life; but the dog ran a great deal faster, and——"

"He jumped upon Uncle Thomas, and bit him!" cried Emily, starting up in affright.

"By no means, my dear!" replied Miss W., very drily; "he only jumped at the bucket, and began lapping away at the water for dear love!"

Little Emily and her mother too stared at Miss W. with open eyes. They could not speak for astonishment! At length, Miss W. continued the story.

"Uncle Thomas did not run far, before he thought of looking behind him; and seeing Fidelle so anxiously engaged in drinking, contrary to all the laws laid down for hydrophobic patients, he presently summoned courage to approach him again.

"'Fidelle! poor Fidelle! what is the matter with you?' said he.

"Fidelle gave two or three wags with his tail, and casting upon him a comical sidelong glance from the corner of his eye, as if to say, 'I'll tell you as soon as I have done,' went on lapping up water as fast as he could.

"After a few minutes, he raised his head; then, dipped his tongue again two or three times, and finding he could drink no more, he ran twice round Uncle Thomas, uttered a sharp bark and plunged off towards the green fence, just as he had so often tried to do while he was chained."

"And what did he find there?" asked Emily.

"Nothing, my dear, except a large tin pan filled with scraps of meat; and that was emptied and cleaned almost upon the instant."

"Why, then, he was not mad after all!"

"If you had seen how he leaped upon Uncle Thomas the moment he had finished eating, and how he ran round after his tail, and barked, and leaped up towards the parlour window, as if to kiss little Stella, who was shedding tears of joy and

thankfulness—not terror—upon my bosom, you would have thought him as mad as the wildest romp you ever saw on a May day; but he was certainly not hydrophobic."

While Miss W. was engaged in telling this story, Mrs. Thompson had not spoken a word; but she was listening all the while very attentively; and she now inquired, with much interest, what had been the cause of the strange symptoms displayed by Fidelle, before the chain was broken.

"They are easily explained," said Miss W.; "my Irish cook, who is not remarkable for her intelligence, was charged with the duty of feeding our sick pet. As she was naturally very much afraid to approach him, she contrived to accomplish her task by tying a string to the handle of a tin pan,—the receptacle of Fidelle's daily dinner,—which she regularly thrust under the green fence, by means of a straw broom. Unluckily, the broom was just of sufficient length to push the savoury morsels close under the nose of the famishing puppy, without bringing them fairly within his reach! Of course, the poor creature had not tasted a drop of water for two entire days; for

his hydrophobic condition being prejudged, it would have been *cruel* to offer him an element of which the very presence must increase his misery. Thus, the poor creature had been suffering, day after day, horrors equal to those of the fabled Tantalus. It is by no means surprising that his efforts to burst his chain, the constant strangling of his collar, and the heat of a basking sun unrelieved by a drop of water, should have induced more violent struggles than reason and good sense would seem to warrant in a well-educated puppy usually so discreet and amiable. As for our absurd carelessness in leaving a dependant entirely subject to the care and judgment of another dependant, who, to use her own words, 'wadn't ha' hurt a hair o' the dare crather for the warld, ef I cud ha' made the brum-handle any longer, shure!' we were most justly punished by three long days of torturing suspense. True, Fidelle was only a dog; but the folly might have been equally gross, had it been a child; and indeed the terrible distress of our darling Stella was but another result of our neglect of proper care towards an humble but still sensitive being, which Providence had placed under

our protection. Emily, my dear," she added, addressing the sweet little listener on her lap, "remember while you live this lesson: God never fails to punish those who leave to others the duties which they should perform themselves!"

"But surely," said Mrs. T. in great surprise, "you would not advise that the mistress of a family should feed her dogs herself!"

"By no means, my dear," replied Miss W.; "but since the affair of Stella and Fidelle, I have never neglected, in my family, to make sure that *it is done.*"

"And what was that other story about a mad dog, that Uncle Thomas knew when he was a boy?" asked Emily.

"Uncle Thomas must tell you himself, when you return our visit," said the lady; "it is too late now; the gentlemen are coming from the library."

"Well, Jane," said Mr. T., as the gentlemen entered; "how have you passed the evening with the redoubtable empress of fashion and queen of the *exclusive exclusives*—the terrible Miss Wilson?"

"Spare me your satire, Charles," replied his wife smiling; "I have grown wiser and better by listening to Miss W. She has been learnedly lecturing to Emily on the proper management of dogs, children, and servants; and I find that there is nothing beneath the notice of a genuine lady; because," (and here she looked very serious,) "there is nothing beneath the kindness of that great Parent who created all things, —from an earthworm to a prince."

"True politeness," remarked her husband, with a glance of affection at his wife and child, "is the offspring of the heart and genuine devotion. How happy is society," he added, with a bow to Miss W., "in acknowledging the guidance of a star so brilliant with the rays of both!"

The ladies embraced each other, the company separated, and Dash, who had slept out this long and as he thought prosy, story on the hearth-rug, gave a tremendous yawn of satisfaction, and walked quietly off to his quarters in the yard.

BAUN J. SARTAIN

ELLEN.

THE music and the dance are o'er,
Our merry party done,
The boys and girls are all gone home,
And I am left alone.

Alone? Oh no! for mother says
That God is everywhere;
He frowns on every naughty act,
And hears each humble prayer.

I love to please my mother dear,
I love my father too,
And when they chide I feel so sad
I know not what to do.

But God they say a parent is,
To them as well as me,

And surely then to anger him
Must very wicked be.

I could not sleep if I could think
Of anything I've said,
That might come back in troubled dreams
When I am gone to bed.

And yet they say we all do wrong
Each minute that we live,
And that we cannot get to heaven
Unless He will forgive.

I don't remember anything
In which I've done amiss,
Except that I forgot to give
Papa a parting kiss.

Then I will pray, although I've been
So thoughtless and so wild;
I'm almost sure He will forgive
A very little child.

A FALSEHOOD IN SPORT.

FROM THE GERMAN.

NED was an intelligent boy, but he was so fond of joking that he did not always pay proper attention to truth while indulging his humour; and on one occasion he was most justly punished for this habit.

You know that very young children, before they are taught better, sometimes believe that money grows in the ground like potatoes or turnips; just as older people often think that rocks and stones grow larger with time, like plants and shrubs.

Ned had a little sister Fanny, much younger than himself; and one day, while he was very busy in writing a letter to a gentleman at a distance, to whom he owed some money, Fanny came tripping into the room. Ned had laid on the table six golden coins, which were to be sent with the letter; and

when Fanny saw how beautiful and bright they looked, she began to handle them, and play with them.

Presently, she said, "Brother, where does gold grow? Does it grow in the ground or upon trees?"

Ned laughed in his sleeve at this silly question, but he looked very grave all the while, and replied:

"That depends upon what kind of gold it is. Some grows under ground, and some upon trees; but ducats, such as these, are planted as they plant beans; and when the vines are done flowering, you can see them all covered over with little green ducats, that do not get fully ripe till the frost turns them yellow. But Fanny, dear, you must not interrupt me now, for I am very busy." And he continued writing his letter.

Fanny thought that such a crop would be very desirable for her; for it was not always that she could persuade her father to give her money for sweetmeats and playthings when she wanted them. So she slyly took the ducats into the garden and planted them, while Ned was too much occupied to notice what she was doing.

About half an hour afterwards, just as Ned had finished his letter, she came quietly into the room again; and Ned not finding the money where he had placed it, turned hastily round and said; "Fanny, what have you done with the ducats?"

"Oh, never mind them, brother!" replied the child, "we shall have plenty of them when the frost comes, and turns the green ones yellow!"

Then Ned was terribly frightened, and seizing her by the hand, cried out, "Where have you put them, you silly little thing?"

"Why Neddy, dear, don't be angry," said she; "I went and planted them in the garden, and put some pea-stakes for the vines to grow upon; I was not big enough to carry the bean-poles!"

"And did the workmen at the new hot-beds, and the girls weeding the radishes see what you were doing?" asked Ned, looking very pale.

"I suppose so; but I do not know," returned Fanny.

"Come along this instant, you little fool, and show me where you put them," said he, as he dragged his terrified sister into the garden. But, although they

dug all around the place where Fanny had planted and staked the money, not a ducat of it ever was found. No doubt, some of the labouring people, or the poor boys or girls working in the garden, had seen what Fanny was about; and had pounced upon the yellow grain, as the rooks do upon the newly-planted corn; and so Fanny's harvest of ducats was rifled and destroyed, before it had even time to sprout!

When this sad story was told to their father by Ned, who bitterly complained of the silliness of poor little Fanny, the old gentleman replied:

"Let me hear no complaints of her. When we first come into the world, we know nothing at all; and therefore nothing can be silly in a child, until it has had the opportunity of learning better. Fanny wanted information, and she came to her brother to seek it. Where could she more properly go? But you, for the sake of a dull joke, deceived her, and perverted to error a young mind inquiring after truth. You are rightly served, sir; and I shall deduct the value of the ducats from your yearly pocket-money, in order that you may have cause to remember not to tell falsehoods, even in sport."

THE DOG AND THE TURTLE'S HEAD.

At the party on New Year eve, to which Mistress Jones invited Emily Thompson and her other pupils, as is told at the very beginning of this volume, Uncle Thomas was also an invited guest.

The kind-hearted old gentleman sat in a corner of one of the rooms, half covered over with little boys and girls, who were climbing on his knees and hanging about his shoulders, while the rest of the youngsters were playing Copenhagen. Presently, Stella Wilson and Emily came running up, and Stella cried out: "Uncle! do tell us that story about a mad dog that aunty was talking about at Mrs. Thompson's, the other evening." The young folks gathered around in a half circle, leaning over each other's shoulders, and Uncle Thomas began:

"Well then, I must first tell you that tortoises do not die almost immediately after their heads are cut

off, like warm-blooded animals. The body continues to kick and even crawl about, sometimes for several days; though it is not conscious what it is doing. The head also continues alive, and appears to know very well what it is about all the while; for, if you thrust a stick at it, it will bite with fury, and hold on with a right good-will."

"Now Uncle!" exclaimed Stella, looking very incredulous.

"So you can hardly believe me," said he, "and yet you have often seen a chicken without a head, hopping, and kicking, and fluttering its wings for some time. Just so, the tortoise makes, for two or three days together, the same kind of motions that the chicken performs for a few minutes only!"

"How queer!" cried several voices at once, and Uncle Thomas continued.

"When I was a young lad, our family was very fond of snapping-turtle soup. So, one day my father purchased a fine large snapper. He put it in the yard, and left it at liberty to crawl about, until the time came for killing it.

"Now, we happened to have a very large Scotch

terrier dog, with a slight touch of the blood of the shaggy Newfoundland in his veins; a dignified, sharp, and very watchful dog, that said not much, in the way of barking, but looked unutterable things whenever impertinent strangers intruded upon his domain. The snapper came within Cæsar's watch and guard in such a questionable shape, he did not feel inclined even to speak to it. He walked round it, smelt at it, and studied it with the utmost attention; always taking good care to keep beyond the reach of its great ugly jaws, whenever they opened to make a snap at him.

"Cæsar at last found that he could make nothing of the turtle; so he soon left it, went quietly about his other duties and amusements, and altogether forgot the ugly beast.

"Next morning the turtle was beheaded and cleaned, and its body hung up by the tail to die; but the cook did not proceed to make soup of it till the day following; for fear the creature might take it into his head—no, not its head, for that was rolling about in the gutter, but into its *fidgety feet*—to crawl

out of the hot water on to the hot coals; thus converting a capital *stew* into a miserable *fry*.

"Well; the soup was made at last; and father, and mother, and I, were all dipping into it, in high good humour, when the chambermaid came rushing in with a white face and her hair all streaming, crying out, 'Oh, Mrs. Wilson! Cæsar's gone mad! Cæsar's gone mad!'

"Of course, we all rushed to the windows, to see what was the matter; and there, sure enough, we saw Cæsar tossing, and pitching, and whirling about, in a most remarkable manner. Over the washing-bench, over the raised garden-beds, under the pigeon-house, and over the high wood-pile, away he flew round and round again, turning half somersets, rolling on his back, and yelping till the very walls rang.

"I loved Cæsar, almost as a brother; and immediately resolved to catch him, and discover what was the matter. My father and mother both tried to dissuade me; but insisting that, mad or not mad, my pet would not attempt to bite his master, into the yard I went.

"Such another chase as then took place you never

saw in your lives. The boys in the street climbed up to the coping of the wall, the faces of the neighbours were peeping between the spikes that crowned the back fence, and all were begging me to stop, as I valued my life, while I still ran after Cæsar, striving to catch him by the tail.

"We had made several entire circuits round the yard, and I had taken as many falls on the wood-pile, without any success; when all of a sudden, the furious animal stopped short. His motion was arrested so unexpectedly, that I had to leap entirely over him, to avoid being tripped and thrown violently on the hard brick pavement.

"As soon as I could check my own speed, I turned to look at the dog. And there he stood, motionless—with his fore-feet stretched strongly forward, his tail wound tightly under him, his head turned on one side, his haunches on the ground, his eyes staring wildly, and his snout pointing stiffly towards a particular spot, a few inches in front of him. Seizing the opportunity, I rushed up and caught him by the back of the neck; fearing that another paroxysm might give me another chase;—when, looking anx-

iously to see what seemed to attract Cæsar's attention so strongly at the moment, behold! there lay the head of the great snapper, with the end of the dog's nose between the sharp jaws, *fairly bitten off!*

"It seems that there had been *three* dinner parties that day. While we were dining on the body of the turtle, Cæsar had proposed to dine upon the head; but the reason of the reptile had convinced him that, after contributing so much to our gratification, he certainly had a right to a share of the entertainment himself; and he had accordingly endeavoured to make a *tit-bit* of Cæsar's nose! What a pity that he had entirely lost his stomach! Alas! there is no use in trying to force an appetite when one has lost the power of digestion!"

Here Uncle Thomas closed. The little folks gave a loud peal of laughter, and ran off to play one more game of Copenhagen before the party broke up.

THE FOUR ELEMENTS.

FROM THE GERMAN.

"How I should like to be a gardener!" said Philip, when he had reached fifteen, and began to think about choosing an occupation. "How pleasant it must be to walk on the fresh turf, and breathe the sweet odour of flowers!"

His father allowed him to enter into that business, but he soon came home complaining that it made his back ache to stoop and dig continually in the dirt; he could not endure it.

Then he resolved to turn hunter; it must be so delightful to pass one's days in the green forests, and the free open air. But he soon found the perpetual changes of weather, now hot, now cold, now wet, now dry, were altogether insupportable.

Next, he took it into his head to be a fisherman;

it was so charming to make as much money as one wants by floating about in a boat all day without any fatigue, and merely drawing up nets full of fish out of the bright clear stream. But he found the work hard, and the water cold; so he gave that up too.

At last, he determined to be a cook; for, by that means he was at least sure of always having a good dinner. But, as usual, he soon came home to his father once more, saying: "It would all be very well if it were not for that terrible hot fire that scorches my face, burns my hands, and makes my head ache so!"

Then his father lost all patience, and said: "You are too old now to learn a new trade. If you cannot endure either earth, air, fire, or water, there is no place for you in this world. You shall now stay where you are, sir, and learn this useful lesson: from the cottage to the palace, each condition has its troubles, and it is the business of a man to bear them without grumbling!"

THE END.